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NO TIDINGS OF THEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY CLAUDE DE HAVEN.

Bright was the morn when he bade me "Good-bye,"
Sad was the heart with affection's fond sigh;
Clasped was my form in a lover's embrace,
Cheered by the smile of a tear-bedimmed face.

"My ship sails to-night with the sun in the west,
I'll be far out at sea when you are at rest;
But, Maud, in your dreams fondly think of poor me,
And pray for my safety across the blue sea."

Morn came in its glory, its sun and its flowers,
Reflecting the contrast of sad, weary hours
Framed in the darkness, the night and the gloom,
When Richard, my lover, had left me at home.

Days and weeks slowly passed, but "no tidings of thee,"
No news of the ship—had she foundered at sea?
Was she wrecked on the main, and sunken the crew,
And my Richard on board? Is there no one who knew?

Our letters arrived by the day-express line—
No wreck on the road, for the trains were on time;
From column and guide the postmark I see,
But no tidings of Richard—no tidings of thee.

With a sad, weary heart, I walk to the shore
Where Richard and I had so oft strolled before,
And ask of the waves that ran to the sea
To tell me of Richard, my darling, of thee.

The waves had receded, the tide had gone out,
There I stood on the sand, with the seabirds' shrill shout,
To remind me of sorrow, of darkness and gloom,
When Richard, my darling, had left me at home.

I read in the papers (for it's all that I've heard),
"Lost at sea was the 'Martha' on June 23d,
In mid ocean was wrecked from a high wind at sea"—
This only the tidings, the tidings of thee.

Long weary hours since June, in my home,
Have I prayed, watched and waited for Richard to come;
But something reminds me, "That never can be,"
For my sad heart is buried with Richard at sea.

RAVENSPUR;

OR,

THE MYSTERY OF THE OLD STONE MANSION.

A ROMANCE OF VIRGINIA IN THE OLDEN TIME.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY LINWOOD LAYTON.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE MEETING IN THE WOOD.

Leaving the Haunted House by the rear window, and striding rapidly ahead, heedless of what course he pursued, the captain of the Stormy Petrel naturally went further and further away from the main road, and made straight towards a dense forest that stretched away for miles into the country, and away from the dismal mansion in which he had spent several hours the vividness of which the longest life could never obliterate from his memory. He knew not and cared not whither he was going; he paid no heed to his steps until he was brought to his senses by finding himself upon the border of a dark wood, when he suddenly paused and looked around him. The moon was still shining from a clear, unclouded sky, and the early spring wind blew cool against his feverish temples as he pushed back his hat and drew his hand over his forehead.

He halted but a moment, when, seeing a path in front of him, he stepped into it and moved on into the wood, walking with that hurried stride which marks a man when laboring under some great excitement. This he continued for several hundred yards, by which time his blood had become cooler and he began to gain a realizing sense of his situation. He knew that the night was far advanced and that it was time he began to think of his return to the Stormy Petrel, still anchored off Tideway and awaiting his coming.

"I told them to expect me back by daylight, and I suppose the boys will be waiting at the old inn for me. I was a fool to return to Ravenspur. I might have known that nothing but misery, wretchedness and woe awaited me here. So I go again, and never more shall the Old Dominion know or hear aught of me."

He turned about, and was walking moodily along, when he reached a small clearing in the wood, about fifty feet across, and into which the light of the moon penetrated. At this moment he caught sight of a figure upon the other side of the open space, which halted at the same instant with himself, as though both were simultaneously apprised of each other's presence.

This halt upon the part of the stranger, however, lasted but a moment, when Hubert saw that she was approaching, for the moment she came into the light of the moon's rays there was no mistaking her sex.

She was attired in a light, airy-looking dress, with a white shawl drawn about her shoulders, and no covering at all for her head. The hair, fleecy, silken and extraordinarily luxuriant, descended far below her waist, spreading out and enclosing her figure like an Oriental robe, while the pale face might well startle Hubert Linwood, and cause him to believe that one of the spirits from the Haunted House had followed him into the wood.

A more direct glance at the maiden, moving so slowly that she seemed to glide over the ground without the slightest motion of her body, and any one who had looking at the veiled portrait in the library at Ravenspur would have seen that they were the *same!*

Yes, this was Evelyn Hawlett and her lover Hubert Linwood met face to face again, after a separation of four years, the first time since that awful form had come between them, separating the two fondest, loving, loyal hearts, so that both felt they could never be reunited again.

The recognition was instantaneous and mutual. Her eyes pierced the disguise, even before he tore the hateful wealth of beard from his face and flung it out of sight in the bushes beside their path. Then, in a low, tremulous voice, he pronounced the beautiful name:—

"*Evelyn!*"

She looked at him a moment without speaking, and then a strange, quaking quivering seized her frame; she covered her face with her hands, and was about to sink to the earth, when he sprang forward and caught her just in time to save her. He gently drew the white, princess-like hands from before her face, and looked at that marvel of beauty and sweetness, while it, raising her head, trembled with a love-like lustre, and melting with affection and sorrow, asked:—

"O Hubert! have you come back from the grave to me at last—at last?"

Still, although their lips had met hundreds of times before, and although his head was bent low and close over hers, he simply held her in his arms, and she rested there, both hearts weighed down by a grief such as mortals are rarely called upon to suffer.

"I heard you call me," she finally said, in that low, sweet voice of hers, "but they would not let me come. I looked at you, and knew you, though your face was covered with that ugly beard. I watched and saw which way you went, and then when they didn't notice me, I slipped out and followed."

"Whom do you mean by *they?*" asked Hubert, giving away, for the moment, to his curiosity.

"O I can't tell you," she replied, with another shudder of terror, "don't ask me, don't urge me, it will drive me wild!"

"Think no more about it," said Hubert, doing his utmost to soothe her agitation; "think no more about it, my once dearest Evelyn, but tell me why you followed my footsteps."

"It was because you called me; why did you call me?"

"Because I was transported and lifted out of myself. I thought you were dead, and it was your spirit whose tones were floating in my ears."

"You'll me where you have been, Hubert, all this long, dreary waste of years, since you left us?"

"On that dreadful night, when I fled like a wolf before the hounds, I had good friends who assisted me out of the country to Norfolk, where I took passage on board an English ship. You know I had been on the sea before, and my knowledge helped me along amazingly. It was not long before I gained command of the Stormy Petrel, and after cruising up and down the world for four years I determined to visit Ravenspur once more, and for the last time, to learn what had become of my friends. You know that I have been an orphan from childhood, and have no near relative living, so that it was my anxiety to hear about Ravenspur and its inmates that led me to thrust my neck into the halter again."

"When did you come?" she asked, raising her head and turning those wondrous orbs of hers full in his face, while all the time she rested as quiescent as an infant in his arms.

"I sailed up the James yesterday, and anchored off Tideway an hour or two before sunset. On my way to Ravenspur I encountered Cæsar and Dr. Janeway, and from them learned that Colonel Hawlett had been dead since last September."

"Yes," replied Evelyn, in an almost inaudible voice; "he died then, and he departed, too, with my arms about his neck, and whispering words of love in my ear."

"Then all was forgotten and——forgiven?" asked Hubert, using the hateful word against his own wishes.

"I cannot say," she replied, still preserving her calmness. "His mind seemed to wander, and he appeared to forget all about the—trouble. I strove to recall it to his remembrance, for I felt that I could not permit him to go with any hardness in his heart toward me; but the whole four, and indeed four times that number of years, were blotted out from his recollection. He called me 'Baby Evelyn,' just as he did in infancy and childhood, and thought I had come to bid him his good-night with a kiss—as I always did, until that day four years ago."

And the girl's own words called up so vividly the picture of that "last scene" of all that her emotions overcame her, and she was unable to speak for a considerable time, during which the gallant young sailor tenderly supported her in his strong arms, whispering gentle, soothing words in her ears. When she had regained, to a certain degree, control of herself, he said:—

"You must forgive me, Evelyn, for pursuing such a sorrowful subject, but you can understand how anxious I am to learn all. Was there no time, during those last moments, when Colonel Hawlett seemed to recall the trouble between us? Did he make no reference to *me?*"

"Yes, there was a second or two when a glimmering of light dawned upon you, and I urging him at the same time, he made some reference."

"Was it in anything like the mood he showed toward you?"

"Alas! no," she replied; "there was no feeling of forgiveness toward you, and I think, could he have been made fully sensible, he would have spurned me with equal scorn and anger."

Hubert Linwood gently but firmly put the frail, beauteous form from him.

"Then this is wrong, Evelyn. I have no right to hold you so lovingly in my arms. I had hopes, in spite of the hard words of Doctor Janeway, that all might have been made clear at that time—that Colonel Hawlett would withdraw his unjust but fearful condemnation of an innocent man. I have heard that the last minutes of a person on the border of death are sometimes divinely illuminated, so that the darkness clears away from his vision and he sees the truth which has been so long concealed from it, but there was none of that here. Colonel Hawlett died with his eyes still closed, or else——"

Hubert hesitated to utter the accusation against the departed, but in that bitter moment his soul rebelled at the great wrong that had been done him, and he could have flung defiance in the face of any one. During the utterance of these impassioned words Evelyn had stood a short distance away, looking upon him with the same strange calmness that had carried her triumphantly through the last earthly ceremonies paid to her father, while they had prostrated the mother. Hubert understood this unnatural quiet, and even in this dreadful moment it chilled him and restrained the other hot, angry words that came to his lips. It was then that she replied:—

"*He* believed you guilty, so does mother, and, perhaps, one or two others; but *I* never suspected you. Is not that sufficient?"

"*No,*" he replied, fiercely. "Of what avail is that to me? You have believed the same *always*, and yet the barrier is still *there,*" he added, savagely, pointing down to the ground between them, as if he saw a burning impassable gulf. "That *hell* has raged and flamed there for years, while I have been gone for years, and even with the rumor of my death *you* have not sought to cover it over. You have let your father depart without it, and by all except a few I am still held in execration, instead of being yielded the rights which God gave me with my birth."

"O Hubert, my heart is already broken! Why add this additional grief?" she wailed, with her hands to her face.

Between the set teeth of the young sailor his breath came fast and panting; his bosom heaved and his eyes flashed; and turning his side toward the desolate beauty, he struck his forehead with his clenched fist.

"O God! am I always to be an Ishmael, with my hand against every man and his against mine? Are the foul enemies who have crushed me never to be crushed themselves? Am I never to be known for what I am? Shall the justice of heaven always be denied me?"

And he looked up at the clear sky, with its pale, silvery moon, and with something like a blasphemous revolting in his heart.

Then he turned, and, as his eyes rested upon the bowed figure before him, a gentler spirit stole over him.

"Her grief has been no less than mine," he thought, as his heart melted with pity, "and why should I add to it?" and then he spoke in a voice of unutterable tenderness.

"Can you forgive my hasty words, Evelyn? You can understand by what anguish my soul has been racked for years, and you can feel for and perhaps forgive me."

She was silent a moment and then raised her head.

"Yes, Hubert, I will let you recall the words that have so deeply pained me, and they shall be forgotten; but, if you expect me to understand you, you must know that this woe has been a mutual one."

In a few moments she became quite calm, and, still preserving her distance from him, she added:—

"When you fled I knew of none beside myself who did not accept it as proof of your guilt. Never doubting you for an instant, I resolved never to rest until the mystery was cleared up, and you stood justified before the world. For a year I toiled unremittingly, when there came *another calamity*, such as makes me shudder in the darkness of the night, as I feel that it is creeping closer and closer to me, and to be delivered from which, O I have prayed without ceasing for hours——"

"There! there!" he interrupted, greatly agitated himself; "let me beseech you to make no further reference to it. I know what you mean, let that suffice; let it explain all; it acquits you; I can never lay harm, so much as in the slightest thought, against you again. That ends the story. The night is waning, let us leave this spot."

And he was about to offer his arm, when she threw up her hand as an injunction.

"Hold! not yet. I *must* finish it. I shall never forgive myself if I do not. Do not check me, for I will not be restrained."

Seeing that it would be dangerous to refuse her favor, Hubert stood still and listened.

"Then came inaction and silence, until something told me my parent was dying, and I went to him. The pardon I sought for in his dying moments was granted, but not in its entirety. The words which I hoped he would utter, and which were to release me from my thraldom, were not given."

"And you stand to-night as you stood four years ago, when, knowing that your father and mother both would rather see me married than dead and gone, you resolved that you never would be my wife while that prohibition lasted. I accepted your decision, great as was the sorrow it added to my burden, for I had a confidence that the misunderstanding could not last for one half the time that it has; and so, although now and then tidings came to me across the sea which warned me against returning, I determined to come back and seek you, and learn the truth. That I have done. I know that your father has left you without releasing you from your obligation, and that you cannot do that which you know would have been condemned by him in his dying moments. Is it not so, Evelyn?"

"You speak the truth," she replied, with all of her old calmness; "you could not ask me to do so."

"No; I do not ask it—do not expect it. Your mother felt the same as did the colonel. Has there been any change in her sentiment?"

The girl shook her head.

"None at all; they were one in thought while living together, and I cannot think of anything that could change her opinion from what it was."

"Then, Evelyn, we must part forever," said Hubert, nerving himself, by an almost superhuman effort, to speak with calmness. "My errrand is finished. I have learned all that I can learn. Permit me to accompany you to your home—wherever that may be—and then we will say farewell. I see that the chasm between us can never be closed in this world. I will strive to lead such a life that we shall be reunited in the world to come; and up yonder, beyond the stars, we shall meet, and then the woe and misery that are doomed to be my lot on earth shall be gone, and naught but happiness be ours. True, my spirit has revolted at times, and even but a few minutes ago; but a change has come over me. I feel different. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, but no murmur shall again be heard from my lips."

He stepped forward, as if to invite her to move along the path with him, but to his surprise she stood still a moment, then sprang forward, and, grasping one of his hands in both of her own, turned her quivering, yearning, woe-stricken face up to his.

"Dearest Hubert, for you are and always shall be the dearest being on earth to me, I once pledged you my love, and I do so again. The chasm that has separated us so long shall be closed—it *is* closed. I am yours. I will go with you forever to the ends of the world. I will be your wife, nothing shall prevent me; take me, I beseech you. See! I forget my womanhood; I am the supplicant; let me go to your vessel with you; bear me away from this place forever; I can only be happy with you; you shall not cast me off."

The impassioned earnestness of this petition, the utter abandonment of Evelyn, as she sank almost lifeless into the supporting arms of her lover, was so unexpected that it entirely unmanned him for the time. He trembled, and was scarcely less moved than she.

It was the woman's nature asserting itself through and above everything. For a moment Hubert hesitated, the same thoughts surging through his brain as had years ago under circumstances somewhat similar, and he asked himself:—

"Is she not mine? Is it right that I should permit cruel fate to intervene? When two hearts are made wrecked by a wrong, and it is given me to make them happy, shall I refuse? Shall I cast off this rarest, truest, purest maiden? Shall I turn a deaf ear to her prayer and go away, never to see or hear of her again? If I do as she wishes, and take her away to some foreign country and there live and die, can this terror follow us?"

These questions seethed with the vividness and quickness of lightning through his heart, but they were gone as quickly. *Another terror*, neither hinted at nor intimated by either, rose in its appalling awfulness—a more dreaded spectre than that which defied his pistol-shot—appeared before him, and, pointing its ghostly finger at the frail figure he held in his arms, said:—

"*Do it not; you are standing on fatal ground; it is time you departed!*"

When Evelyn had partially recovered from the tempest of emotion which had swayed her as the tornado hurls the autumn leaf, he tenderly raised her head and, for the first time in years, kissed her, touching his lips to her cold, marble forehead, and said:—

"Dearest Evelyn, this cannot be. You forget our marriage was never to take place while *his* prohibition was in the way. It is there still, and can never be removed."

"But it was because he knew not the truth; had he learned all, as I strove to make him learn all, he would bless our union."

"Too late, too late."

"And as he looks down upon us from high Heaven, I know he would smile and bid us God speed, and he will greet us first when we reach that bleat shore."

"Listen, Evelyn, I beseech you; you are so excited and wrought up that you are scarcely yourself. A week or a few days from now you will feel different; when we had advanced too far to retreat you would repent this step."

"Repent having given my heart to you, who have held it for years? Repent being your wife? O, Hubert, you know not what cruel words you utter," she interrupted, in the same impetuous burst of passion, dropping her head again upon his shoulder, and shaking like an aspen leaf.

Hubert Linwood's face was contorted with agony, as, waiting a few seconds, he said:—

"Evelyn, if you do love me, do not misunderstand me. I cannot believe that a hundred years of wedded life could bring a moment's regret to either, were the circumstances different; but the memory of your broken-hearted mother and your own isolated vow to your parent would rise in the future like accusing angels, and make you curse this hour when we met in this wood."

"But," continued the poor girl, "I never believe false. I do believe, Father, you did not do the justice he did us; mother must know it sometime or other. If it comes not to her in this life it will in the next. Shall we make our lives miserable because some one else has committed a mistake."

"That is the question I have pondered over more than once; and, could I believe that it were best nothing but death should sever us from each other, you would be on board of my vessel. I would even take you forcibly, and against your will, to some remote corner of the globe, and there devote myself to winning you over again; but, my dearest loved one, it is I that am speaking the words of soberness and sense. I am older than you and have seen more of the world. I know it, I feel it in my inmost soul, that it would be crime for me to carry you away, like a thief in the night; it would bring sorrow to you such as you could not bear, and the knowledge that I was the guilty one would rob me of all hopes of happiness of this world, and of all prospect of making the port of heaven in the end."

"If you feel thus," replied Evelyn, lifting her head from his shoulder and speaking with her old calmness, "I can urge you no more. Years of absence and separation have not conquered *my* love for you."

This was the one womanish weakness, that touch of feminine nature that makes the sex akin. Hubert could understand it, but it pained him none the less.

"Nor will a lifetime of separation and absence weaken my affection for you, and you know it—you feel it. But, Evelyn Hawlett, I can never win or wish your love at the expense of your respect. To-morrow, next week and in the years to come, when you recall this last meeting of ours, you shall say, 'If I cannot yield him my love, I cannot withhold my respect for his motives.'"

Three separate times the maid was on the point of giving expression to a suspicion of hers, a suspicion for which there was good cause, but she restrained herself. A certain repugnance prevented the utterance of the dreadful words, and Hubert would not have heard her utter them for a thousand worlds.

The haunting, dismal terror was constantly in his mind, oppressing more than did all the others to which allusion has been made; but he would have had his tongue torn out by the roots rather than give utterance to it. Furthermore, the reader will have noticed that, excepting at the very opening of their interview, he had made no reference to his extraordinary experience in the Haunted House. He could not forget it, but he purposely refrained from it, and for doing so he had a more than all-sufficient reason—a reason which was precisely the same as that which sealed his lips upon the other theme—the haunting suspicion that tormented the other girl herself. And all of which I promise my readers they shall know when the proper time comes to speak; but for the present no further reference must be made to it by tongue or pen.

Evelyn Hawlett made no reply to the last manly words of the sailor-captain. She stood free of his support, with her head bowed, as if in deep thought. A change seemed to have come over her, also, and she had regained something like her self-possession.

Hubert expected her to say something, for it was plain that she was receiving some deep subject; and yet he was dreading to hear her voice. She had already been racked and pained, so that he was desirous of bringing this distressing interview to a close. So he made as if to move forward, and then waited for her.

"Go on," said she; "the path is too narrow for me to take your arm."

He did as requested, she following directly behind him, and both for some time uttering a word to each other. Now that Hubert had learned all that he could learn, or at least all that was necessary for him to know, he determined, out of mercy for Evelyn, to make their final parting as brief as possible. When the moment came for them to separate he would take her hand.

"And *perhaps* touch my lips to hers," he added, as he debated the subject to himself, "if it seems safe for me to do so."

They reached the border of the wood, and he turned about to offer his arm.

But Evelyn Hawlett had vanished!

CHAPTER IX.

THE ARREST.

Hubert Linwood paused several minutes, looking into the gloom of the wood and listening—thinking that Evelyn, wrapped as she was in deep thought, might have possibly fallen behind. But after waiting awhile he became convinced that she had actually fled, most probably impelled thereto by her dread of their separation—she had already undergone so much that she felt unequal to this.

And therein, perhaps, she did wisely," concluded the young sailor, as he resumed his moody walk across the field, seeking the main road by which to return to Tideway. "It may have been necessary for this meeting, unspeakably distressing as it has been, but there can never exist the necessity of our coming together again in this world. There is no earthly probability of this great obstacle being removed, since Colonel Hawlett is dead and in his grave this half year, and so long as it remains I can never claim Evelyn as my wife—I dare not. I carefully avoided referring to the real, true cause after all, and, oh, I do pray that her gentle heart has never suspected it."

Aye, but Evelyn *had* suspected it from the first.

"Well," he added, after quite a halt, "they must be expecting me on board the Petrel, and my return has already been delayed too long."

As he moved across the field he saw that the night was about ended and day was close at hand. The grey, dismal hour that precedes the dawning, and the desolate waste, and he carefully avoided it by turning off to the right. He finally struck the main road, fully a quarter of a mile beyond where he had turned into the short lane, on the previous night, when he entered the dwelling of mysteries. Hubert resolutely shut out all speculation upon the events of the last few hours; he felt that he could not comprehend them, and he would only drive himself wild by his attempt to do so. So he compelled himself to think of the Stormy Petrel, riding at anchor in the James, with the crew awaiting his return; of her last voyage—of the course he would take to reach the other side the world—of the nature of the cargo—his probable profits, &c. But while in this maze of thought he kept his eyes upon him, and when he had reached a point where two roads met; and while looking about to recall his situation, he caught sight of a poster staring him in the face. It was not too far away to prevent him identifying the heading, which was

"$500 REWARD!"

A strange thrill passed through him at these ominous figures, and he hurried toward it to make sure that he was not mistaken. No, he was not mistaken. There was the identical reward, signed by Colonel Percy Hawlett, and dated four years before—a *fac simile* of what he had burned up in the Haunted House of the previous night, and which he then believed was the last one in existence.

"What in the name of heaven does that mean?" demanded Hubert Linwood, as he stood staring at the hateful words. "Is the world bewitched and gone mad? That poster was printed four years ago and more, and it could not have remained there all that time, through winter's storm and tempests. It has been put up since I passed this way last evening!"

Firmly convinced upon this point, Hubert began to think of the second time he had encountered, and which was undoubtedly increasing every minute. He had counted upon Cæsar as a friend, and indeed he was one of the faithful few who stood by and assisted him in his extremity a few years before, but he was talkative and gossipy, and, having recognized him, no doubt had spread the tidings to every one whom he met. Then, a dozen years or more since Dr. Janeway had also fully identified him, and he, intimate as he had been with Colonel Percy through all his life, shared his intense dislike of the young sailor, and would doubtless act anything but the part of a friend toward him. Furthermore, Hubert recalled that he had flung aside his disguise when talking with Evelyn in the wood, and his appearance unchanged that any of his old friends, meeting him on the road, would be sure to recognize him at once.

He had no wish to be taken to Richmond, tried and condemned to death, as he was pretty certain he would be if arrested, and he was yet several miles from Tideway and his vessel, and he could feel nothing like safety until he stood upon the deck of the fleet-winged Stormy Petrel, and saw her sails filling with the breeze, and her prow cutting through the foamy waves. Still that wild thirst for life which actuated him years before in his former flight was now entirely wanting. *Then* he had hopes of outliving the mystery, and being set right before his brother men; now he had scarcely any. But for all that he felt it his duty to take every precaution against capture, and he walked hastily along the road, looking behind and in front of him and on every side, on the alert for the first appearance of danger.

In this way he shortly came opposite the mansion of Ravenspur, and, scarcely pausing or turning his head to glance at it, hurrying on when his eye was drawn to one of the heavy posts upon which the outer gate of the lane was hung; and there was another poster headed with the "$500 REWARD!" and precisely similar to the one which he had seen but a short time before. There it was staring him in the face, at the very entrance to Ravenspur, like the scowl of a crouching demon. Hubert Linwood ground his teeth with rage.

"I have been at work, and have no doubt that I shall find my return to the Petrel shut off."

Just then he was startled by a heavy sound, as though a log of wood had fallen to the earth. Turning his head, he saw the negro Cæsar just picking himself up from the ground, having tumbled headlong over the fence behind the captain. As soon as he could scramble to his feet the negro made a rush toward him, blubbering like a baby:—

"O Massa Linwood, I hope you'll forgib me! Won't you please forgib me? O, do please forgib me!"

"Forgive you for what?"

"Oh, ain't it awful! I've been hunting for ye all night long. Ain't it dreffle?!"

"Isn't that dreadful!"

"Oh, it's killing ob me; but 'deed I didn't mean to do it. I hope you'll forgib me!"

"Tell me what you mean, Cæsar; I do not understand you at all."

"Didn't I tole ye? Don't you think it's awful? I neber seed anything like it 'cept dat time, a hundred years ago, when you runned away agin, and I helped you out."

By this time, as may be supposed, the captain was out of patience, and he sternly commanded the African to make short work of explaining himself.

"Well, you see, when I met you last night I didn't let on to you, but de fact is I knowed you. When I got home and seed de boys, I ac'dent'ly let it slip out afore I thought. And dar was Pete, he just slid off, quickerin lightnin', when he heard dat, and I didn't think what he war after till he was down de lane, and den I put arter him to head him off. When I got out on de road I seed him talking to Doctor Janeway, and just as I come up de doctor druv off, and I heard him call out, 'We'll catch de scamp!' I tried to stop Pete, to persuade him of de awful sin dat he was 'mitting, but he shook me off and slid away agin, and den I knowed he was arter dat big reward dat was offered for you forty or fifty years ago, and dar was no stopping him. I didn't know what to do, so I went home and butted my head agin de fence for an hour or two, to pay me fur letting out de secre'; and here's your dollar, Massa Linwood, 'cause I didn't keep my word."

"I don't want it," replied Hubert, touched at the negro's distress. "You did me good service a few years ago, and perhaps may be able to assist me again. Why did you not warn me of my danger before?"

"Dat's what I wanted to do, but I didn't know what to look for you, though I'se been hunting all night."

"Of course you could not know where to look for me; but do you know who had those things put up?" he asked, pointing toward the handbill. "They seem to be all over the neighborhood."

Although Cæsar could not read a word, yet he was so familiar with the appearance of them that he recognized it the moment he turned his eyes in that direction. Rushing impulsively up to the post, he ripped off the offending paper and, tearing it to shreds, trampled it under his huge feet.

"Dar, dat's my sentiments on dat. I 'spects dat Doctor Janeway has had something to do wid dat, 'cause when dat time was, something like a hundred years ago, I seed him carry a whole bundle of dem things away from Ravenspur wid him, and I 'specis dey have been in his orfis eber since, and when he knowed you was round, he's just got 'em out and stuck 'em up, and it must have took him all night. But, massa, what's dem big whiskers dat growed on yer face? I dink dey was werry 'coming to you?"

"They are gone, Cæsar. I am obliged to you for your good will, and here is another dollar for your kindness. If any inquiries are made of you, you will keep a close mouth."

"I bet you I will," replied the African, as he caught the coin flung at him. "If anybody axes me a question I'll frow a stone at his head, den I guess dey'll let me alone arter dat."

Bidding him good-bye, Hubert Linwood resumed his journey toward Tideway, the sun now high in the heavens, and himself convinced that he was in the most imminent danger of capture, and there could be no doubt but that the neighborhood, and especially the little river-village, was fully aroused. Such being the case, it would be madness for him to seek to return to his vessel by the way in which he had left it. He concluded, therefore, as a matter of precaution, to make a detour, after advancing some distance further, strike the river below, and then, if unable to communicate with his friends, to wait until the darkness of night and swim off to it.

This plan was decided upon while walking rapidly down the road. He had passed something like a mile, when, seeing some horsemen ahead, he turned to the right in a piece of pine woods, and started at a still faster gait in the direction of James river. A few hundred yards, and he emerged into an open field, where he paused a minute to take his bearings. Ere he could start forward he heard the sound of tramping, crackling undergrowth, and the next moment he was dextrously surrounded by a dozen men, all armed with guns.

"I guess you're the man we want," said one of them with a significant smile. "Hubert Linwood, I call on you to surrender, in the name of the commonwealth whose laws you have so flagrantly outraged."

"I surrender!" was the reply of the young sailor, who saw that resistance was out of the question.

TO BE CONTINUED.

JACKSON HAINES,

The American Skater, as he appeared in the opera of "The Prophet," at Berlin.

"ROMEO" TANNED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY KIT. CLARKE.

The "art preservative," that is to say the tanner's and not the printer's, has been called into requisition to embalm a very remarkable and well-known character, viz., the old war-elephant Romeo, who, with bruised and weary feet, in a foreign land, departed this life of elephantine vicissitudes in the merry month of June last. He was connected with Adam Forepaugh's Menagerie, a position he had long held with credit to himself and to the utter annihilation of divers and sundry of his keepers. He had become a citizen of the United States long before, and had tramped over the country year after year without having acquired title to any of its soil, except such as he carried upon his multitudinous back. He grew old and weary, and began to look with contempt upon the band which had toted in his ears through whole decades. He became aweary of the s'aring multitudes, and turned as a dyspeptic from the gingerbread and peanuts that made glad his youth. He had buried a whole harem of Juliets, and had seen his baby elephants go off, one after another, into rival shows, setting up business for themselves in the keeping alliliter than they had become a perfect John Falstaff in the world of elephants, waxing fat, growing old, and believing that there was no virtue extant. He accumulated boils, did considerable in the dead-bone line, turned his immense bulk into a mass of corruption most confounded, and then, calmly and peaceably, lay down his huge form upon the earth and gently died—died in the flower of his youth, for he had but attained to the boundaries of his second century.

The last intelligent and interesting performance through which the gallant hero was conducted occurred upon the night of Saturday, June 8th, the day following the one upon which he closed his mundane existence. There was an absence of life and energy about his actions, and an atmosphere which savored of the charnel-house. Professors Boyd and Withers, assisted by six butchers, were the principal artists, and the performance was the dissection of the venerable foreigner preparatory to his removal to a more passive and less trying sphere, not of action, but of entity.

Whatever may have been the nature of the cavity within, the Chicago Academy of Sciences is now the happy and envied possessor of the outward semblance of Romeo the Mighty, whose elephantine gambols were for so many years the solace and delight of youthful Americ-ans.

Romeo died on the 7th of June last. The caravan of which he was the bright particular head-centre passed through Bridgeport, Conn., and, having much fifty there, but the great monarch of elephants heeded not the march, he tarried by the wayside; the day-star of his existence had set, the world grew dim, night came on, and he "smelt the rose above the mould."

More than half a year has passed since that eventful occasion—time, having important business on hand, waited not, but kept moving on the even tenor of its way"—and now comes the interesting intelligence that Romeo, though lost to sight, still holds a place in the memory of the Chicago surgeons. He has been tanned—positively and emphatically tanned for the last time—nobly, beautifully and skilfully tanned after the most scientific manner, and already occupies a prominent position in the halls since of Academy of Science. His hide, which bore the marks of his many encounters with his friends the keepers, measured no less than *two hundred and twelve square feet*, and weighed seven hundred and forty-three pounds, while it averaged nearly an inch in thickness. The Union Hide and Leather Company were the tanners, and the work was successfully accomplished under the direction of Mr. C. T. Hirsch. Eighteen human beings devoted their untiring attention to the herculean task of tanning that elephant's skin, and it required their united exertions to handle it while it lay simmering in the vat. The hide came out beautifully, was indeed a grand success, and may safely be called the most stupendous tan of the age.

The skeleton, too, which has been carefully preserved, united at the joints by wires, now hangs by the side of the skin—an elegant memorial of a well-spent life. There, for the future, Romeo will continue to be "the observed of all observers." His long march has ended forever; the ringmaster for him will crack the whip no more; his antics are hushed, and all that is left of his ten thousand pounds is an empty void in Forepaugh's Great Menagerie. It seems, even at this late day, that it was fitting that so great a celebrity should have died in a city so noted as Chicago for its marvelous events, great fires, happy divorces and obliging hackmen. Romeo had visited that city in his younger days, and had been much struck with its appearance—he having invented a "strike" there on one occasion, and made things particularly warm—and when he was brought back to the consecrated spot he seemed to express a wish to die there, to depart in peace. It was a success—he departed in a great number of pieces, minus one eye (the taxidermist has faithfully restored it), and now he hangs in peace in his own beloved Garden City of the West. *Tempus edox rerum.*

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

JACKSON HAINES.

We present upon our first page a picture of Mr. Haines, the celebrated skater, as he appeared when performing in "The Prophet" at Berlin. Mr. Haines is a native of America, and, with the exception of the Ravels, who first introduced roller-skating here, was the first to make a specialty of it for public amusements. Being at that time an expert skater upon the ice, he rapidly acquired the skill of using roller-skates, and a short time thereafter he was enabled to exhibit upon the stage all those difficult evolutions which had made his name celebrated when performed on the ice. The entertainment was novel, and engagements were fulfilled in all the principal cities in this country. His fame extended across the broad Atlantic, and an advantageous offer having been made him to appear in England, he left America some years since. Success crowned his efforts in the United Kingdom, and he departed for Russia, where, both in roller-skating and upon the ice, he became a celebrity and surpassed all competitors in skill. For some few years past he has been in Germany, where skating may be considered a national amusement, and his exhibitions during the winter season upon the ice, and at other times in large halls or theatres, have won for him the highest encomiums from the public. Skating-carnivals, at which thousands of both sexes were present, have at various times been given in his honor, and his journeyings from province to province might be considered almost triumphal. The public press has everywhere been lavish in its praise of his skill, and Americans may well feel proud of the distinction that our countryman has won. He has partaken of banquets in the palaces of the nobility, and decorations and medals almost without number have been conferred upon him.

A LEADING ARTICLE—A blind man's pood-e.

THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR BILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY H. U. GUDSUG.

I am not fond of foaming drinks, of champagne or Moselle,
Nor of the purple, waxed-up wine that comes from Lachapelle
But what I like, I must admit, is plain old Baker's rye,
And though it often lays me low, 'tis pretty good for Bill.
You bet that I feel quite O. K. when I have got my fill—
Let me acknowledge here the corn, that's good enough for Bill.

Some people cannot dine or sup without a lot of trash,
Such as spring chickens, frogs in oil, or that conundrum—"hash;"
I eat roast beef at every meal, then from my wife, of cose,
For my dessert I get a kiss and some good rweitzer cheese.
You bet that I feel quite O K. when I can kiss at will,
For sweitzer and a "buss" or two, that's good enough for Bill.

I do not like our modern bells, they can't "ring in" on me;
So much false hair and paint won't wash, their padding is too free.
I like a woman all herself, and can no other head,
Heaven's most precious gift to man should no "imitation" need.
You bet that all is not O. K. with girls who dress to kill—
Give me plump nature *unimproved*, that's good enough for Bill.

I know of wives who wish they could keep their lords from the lodge,
For all the women of to-day are "good enough for Bill."
And I know husbands *distingue* whose wives are in a pet
To give them children with blue eyes when theirs are black as jet.
None of Dame Chance's babes for me—I say it with a will—
If all my "kids" look like their "dad," that's good enough for Bill.

THE ONE-MAN SHOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY CHARLES H. DAY.

In the amusement world we may well term the popular lecture the one-man show. At the same time, some of the most popular stars in the lecture field are of the gentler sex, and of some of the more advanced progressionists and advocates of women's rights the gender might be omitted without offence. The traveling phrenologist, who holds forth in country school-houses and church-basements, and the worn-out divine who prates learnedly of lands and people whom he never saw, gain a living in a more uncertain and precarious way than their fellow-showmen. The admission being "free," the amount of receipts depends entirely upon the generosity of the hearers when the deacons and the selectmen pass round the tile. Among the "successful people," as Olive Logan would call them, are to be named the cold-water hero, Gough, the eloquent Beecher, the fair Dickinson, the sable Douglas, the humorous Twain and the lamented Artemus Ward.

The lecturer and lecturess have their intelligence office, the same as the actor, the minstrel, and the acrobat have theirs in the dramatic agency. The "Bureau" fills the time for the people who are willing to enlighten the world for sums varying from $50 to $150 per night. But there is a lack of draw-ers in that "Bureau," and far too many sticks in its construction. It is to satisfy a morbid curiosity that many are elevated to the rostrum. The people flock to the public hall or church to see the author of "The Leaping Frog," and find themselves amused by the funny Mark Twain. They don't care a snap for the readings of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, but wish to gaze upon the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Barnum is looked upon as a greater curiosity than the mermaid or the "What Is It?" while he tells some sound truths about "making money."

Often the patron of the one-man show is doomed to bitter disappointment. A Holland reads a dry dissertation an hour and a half long, with his nose pinned close to his MSS. while the audience slumbers through the homily. No sooner does an individual obtain a little notoriety as a humorous writer than he becomes a comic lecturer. Josh Billings has written many a quaint truth and tickled thousands into laughter with his pen, but when he comes to peddle his "Milk" or "Putty and Varnish" to an audience, he is the most solemn of funny men; the putty fails to stick, the varnish is without gloss and the milk very watery and chalky. The gift to gab entertainingly is given to but few, and, as is usually the case, is more than equally distributed among the fairer portion of creation. Olive Logan and Annie Dickinson tattle charmingly, but the latter will persist in dragging in politics, which has no more business in a woman's mouth than navy plug-tobacco.

The stage, the rostrum and literature are oft the refuge of unsuccessful people—a sort of asylum or hospital for those who, being at their wits' ends, haunt managers, fill the waste-baskets of editors, and blot their crudities before literary associations, when opportunity offers. Def

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, corner of Centre and Leonard streets, Box 3,380, New York P. O.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

W. R. V., Providence, R. I.—In the case you state B holds the age and has the last say. When it comes to his turn he can, if all have passed, bet what he likes, and then the others in turn can see his bet and raise it if they choose. B still having the last say both before and after drawing cards. 2. When 15 is made with the last card at cribbage it counts 2; 3 for fifteen and 1 for the last card. 3. You will find the rules of draw and straight poker in "American Hoyle," published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York. 4. At auction pitch, the player next the dealer has the sell, although in some places the dealer has it.

G. B., Nashua.—1. A is not posted on the subject. The French horse Gladiateur, who won the Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger in 1865, was by Monarque, who was by the English horse Gladiator, who ran second to Ray Middleton for the Derby in 1836. You will see, therefore, that there was a period of twenty-nine years between the two horses running on the turf. 2. What grand national races do you refer to?

L. M., Cincinnati, O.—Thanks for the information, but we had already published an account of the death of both parties. At the request of Mr. W.'s family, we did not state the cause of his death, but it did not result from wounds received on the stage. He was taken ill on Sunday morning, and died Tuesday; so the coincidences you name, save that both died on the same day of the week, fail.

E. W., Columbia, Pa.—Both of your questions regarding the lady you mention are of the kind that we never answer. 2. We cannot inform you where you can get back numbers of the CLIPPER. The cost of getting up a permanent number of a paper must depend entirely upon the size of the building and the quantity of apparatus placed therein.

CONWAY.—1. "One square mile" and "one mile square" are equal, but not so two square miles and two miles square. 2. The difference is twenty square miles. Thus, a plot of ground five miles long and one mile broad would embrace just five square miles, while it would require an area having four sides measuring five miles each to make five miles square.

TONIC, Holyoke, Mass.—). D wins the bet. The age cannot be gained from day to day, but from one birthday to another, and it is consequently C's first bet. 2. It will cost $1 to enter the game to play, and it is the first ace of trumps who sits on the immediate left of the age. 3. The card being exposed in the draw, the person to whom it was dealt cannot receive it, having no option in the matter.

CONSTANT READER.—1. A letter addressed in care of the CLIPPER will reach him. 2. The license for a circus varies in every town. 3. It is generally customary for advance circus agents to give an order on the treasurer of the company for the bill-board and hotel bills. 4. For a Showman's Guide, send to T. A. Brown, as per his advertisement.

OMEGA, Baltimore, Md.—Strictly speaking, such a course would not be allowable, but as plays are constructed nowadays it would seem proper. It might be well to make a note on the programme, stating the lapse of time that is supposed to occur between the scenes, and the change of locality.

THEATER GOER, San Francisco, Cal.—1. A letter addressed to Frank Jones, song and dance man, in care of the CLIPPER, will reach him. 2. Robert Craig, at the time of his demise, was in the thirty-first year of his age. 3. Charles R. Thorne, Jr., is in this city.

EXCELSIOR, Chicago.—A has the option of either giving his opponent a point or running the cards, but he must declare which of the two he will do. When asked to launch the card, A would see if he knew any record in 9 miles in 9 minutes, it the Whig, on the Hudson river.

O. C., Pittsfield, Ill.—Andrew Jackson was born in Mecklenburg county, North Carolina, March 15th, 1767. His father was a settler of Scottish descent.

DUREN NUPPIAS, Chicago, Ill.—Louis Napoleon served as a special constable in London, Eng., during the Chartist excitement in 1848.

GEORGE ROE, Joliet, Ill.—Fred G. Maeder and J. J. McClusky are two distinct individuals, and those are the proper names of each.

SHAMUS O'BRIEN, New Brunswick, N. J.—The drama of "Schneider" is the property of Johnny Allen, has never been printed, and is not for sale.

MARSH HICKEY.—Bedford street was that part of Madison street, east of Catherine, and there was a small theatre there known as the Grove.

WHO WINS, Adrian, Mich.—We cannot decide on the particular case you mention, having only your *ex parte* statement. But if fraud was used to induce the making of a bet, it is void.

R. R. C., Philadelphia.—We thank you for the offer, but we do not solicit advertisements or subscription, as, excepting through our own paper, engaging no agents for such purpose.

MASON S., Indianapolis, Ind.—Mr. B. should request Mr. A. to introduce him to the lady before asking her to dance with him.

W. H. B., Geneva.—George M. Patchen's best mile runs in harness were at the Union Course, L. I., Aug. 30, 1860—2:23¼.

KENNY, Oil City, Pa.—Budd Doble drove Dexter when he made 2:17¼ at Buffalo, trotting against his own best time.

LOOMING, Phila.—At cribbage four 5's and a nine count 20; eight by fifteens, and twelve for the double pair royal.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE, New Orleans, La.—We do not answer questions concerning the domestic affairs or professional ladies

R. L.—Miss Jennie Lee is still engaged at the Union Square Theatre, and has never been in Alabama.

N. S.—We cannot give you the address of the elocutionist named.

J. G., Ontario, Canada.—Edward Stokes has never been cut on bail since the killing of Fisk.

"YE EXPERIMENTAR," Buffalo, N. Y.—D having made the trump, C, his partner, who had passed the making, cannot play it alone.

LOTTA, Philadelphia, Pa.—We have never seen such a feat performed.

A CONSTANT READER.—An American bear could easily climb a pole thirty feet high.

W. JONES, Brattleboro, Vt.—Write to Stephen Roberts or Chas. B. Elliott, in care of this office.

H. N. F., St. Louis.—Herzog was owned and raised by Messrs. Thomas and Jackson, Lexington, Ky., and trained by Lee Paul.

OLD SPORT, Auburn, N. Y.—O wins the money, for the game of casino has been played upwards of 25 years in New York state.

SUBS, Newark, N. J.—The domino, having been exposed, cannot be recalled, but must be played.

C. F., Jacksboro, Texas.—The Stadt Theatre, in this city, has the largest seating capacity of any theatre in this country.

A. H. H.—We have been obliged to decline such articles, not having space for one quarter of those received.

L. O. H., Kansas City.—Having contracted to make ten caroms or count nothing, A cannot "run out" on a lesser number.

ADJUSER, Utica, N. Y.—Nell Gibson is her proper name, but she is also known by the name of her step-father, Mr. Williams.

SEMI-OCCASIONAL, Washington, D. C.—We have searched our files and can find no record of his death.

SUBS, Hamilton, Ont.—Thank you for the offer, but we do not require one there.

E. J. M., New Haven, Conn.—You can order "Upton's Tactics" through any bookseller.

MISS M.—We have more of such offerings than we can find room for.

SCHOONER, Philadelphia.—Our impression is that an act of the legislature is necessary before the name can be legally changed.

W. F. J., Boston.—Thank you for the bill, but it is of too recent a date to be of general interest in our varieties department.

CLIPPER PATRON, Barnia.—A having made the trump, his partner, C, cannot play it alone.

B. SYLVESTER, Brooklyn.—The idea has been worked up before, and we must decline yours.

H. V., Dushore.—A man making a misdeal at euchre forfeits the deal.

TOM J. W., Medford, Mass.—C and A go out with their ace, which is high, before B and D's low; each side wanting one point only.

G. H.—The majority will play in the Mutual, Ferguson in the Atlantic.

A READER.—We cannot say yet. Barnes leads the batting averages.

F. R. M.—It will include Barlow, Britt, Dehlman, Burdock, Ferguson, Pearce, Chapman, Remsen and Booth.

MANAGER.—We cannot give you information concerning the lady.

C. J., Maysville, Ky.—Send to Ed. James, as per his advertisement, for a catalogue.

A., Cincinnati, O.—No stamps are now required in receipting bills or drawing bills of exchange.

W. B., Kansas City, Mo.—The American News Co., 117 to 121 Nassau st., N. Y.

SHAPS, Delaware, Ill.—Barney Williams was born in Cork, Ireland.

T. D.—Who is the best jig-dancer in the country? is simply a matter of personal opinion, and such questions we do not answer.

MIKE N. L. W., Rochester, N. Y.—See dramatic summary of the present issue.

READER.—At euchre your partner cannot call for your best trump, but he can order it up and play it alone.

W., Central City, Col.—We have no means of deciding such a point.

BURWICK.—The third player has no voice in the matter. The dealer and beggar have the sole say.

CHARLES SCOTT.—Naomi Porter died in this city April 18th, 1872.

G. O. F., Boston.—Your letter handed to the party in question.

SYRACUSE.—The referee's decision was correct in both cases.

S. G. ROBINSON.—We cannot give you the desired addresses.

ABBOTTSFORD, Chicago, Ill.—We have none of that date left.

H. EVERTSEN, Detroit, Mich.—Thanks. Will call in our care.

BUFFALONIAN.—We cannot undertake to decide such bets.

E. B. G., Boston.—Thank you for renewed favors.

T. H. W., Kansas City, Mo.—It would be improper.

WHITE CHARLES.—It will be published next week.

AUTHOR, Chicago.—We have all that we require.

C. K., Lebanon, O.—They are both out of print.

ALLEGHENY, Pa.—Thanks for notice.

PITCHER, Iowa.—Not that we are aware.

E. W. F.—Lester Wallack is the author.

ENQUIRY.—*H* in "herb" is silent.

"SMART."

SMART—*Quick, active, brisk, sharp, lively pain.*—Webster.

The above is the old definition, but things must have been different in Noah Webster's time to what they are now. Now-a-days when a man gets away with ten thousand dollars they call him smart; the word "sharp" may define his smartness; but when a poor devil steals a loaf of bread he is called a thief, and his smartness comes under the head of knavery. The larger the theft the smarter the man, the smaller the theft the bigger the thief. One man follows another for miles, and when he gets the chance shoots him in cold blood; he is called smart because he is well connected and wealthy; nevertheless his "smartness" comes under the head of murder. One man swindles another out of all he has in the world by a series of complicated put up jobs; *he* is called smart; his smartness consists in taking the bread out of a family's mouths. A manager takes a company on a circuit, business from the first has been poor, salaries are in arrears, and want stares them in the face; our manager scrapes together what funds he can, "jumps the claim," and gets away in a smart kind of way, leaving his unfortunate dupes to settle as best they may; *his* smartness comes under the head of *activity* and knavery. Then there is our sensation preacher; he is called a smart man, but what does *his* smartness consist in? Why a fearful display of windy oratory, a terrific exhibition of theological pyrotechnics. All this to save men's souls? Oh, no! for thousands a year. *His* smartness comes under the head of hypocrisy. Napoleon Bonaparte was a smart man; he was so smart that he conquered the whole of Europe, and then, like Alexander, sighed for more worlds to conquer. But never lived a smart man that there was not a smarter. Nap. got caught on the hip and was badly thrown at Waterloo, which ended *his* smartness, defined by the words "avarice" and "ambition." "Joey Bagstock," Dickens' hero, was "a devilish smart man," according to his reckoning; but Joey's smartness consisted in his remarkable abilities and facilities for borrowing spare change, in which occupation he was eminently successful—so much so that the degradation of labor was never experienced by him. By the way, we have a great many "devilish smart men" of Joey's stamp running around loose just now; only the D. S. M. of the olden time would come under the head of "suckers" at the present day. The man that steals the bonds of a corporation and then compromises with the robbed parties for a per centage of the spoils, on condition of surrendering the remainder, is a smart man; but is he the less a thief and a rascal? It seems that the acceptation of the term is entirely different from what it used to be—the swindler, the bond robber, the genteel beat, the sensation preacher, and those that steal on a large scale are looked upon as smart. Compliers of future dictionaries should have it read:—

SMART: *shrewd; avaricious; knavish; sharp; hypocritical*, and then we will have the true definition of the word, and be able to define the difference between an honest man who in times gone by would be called *smart* if he possessed good business qualifications, and a thief.

JACK REYNOLDS' LEGACY.

Since a stolid brute, plunging a knife into an unoffending tradesman, remarked explanatorily that "hanging for murder was played out," there have been one hundred and forty-one homicides in this city. Being a mere tramp, utterly friendless, and, above all, too plain of speech, Reynolds failed to prove himself a thorough prophet; but others, seizing upon his pithy exclamation as their clue for bloody work, have lived to prove that, as with prophets ever since the world began to wag, the wretch who was hanged miscalculated only so far as he was himself concerned. Germans have been represented in the past three years' work of slaughter in the ratio of fifteen per cent., and Americans twenty-nine, while Irish whiskey has quite held its own against lager beer and high wines, having exploited to the tune of forty-four per cent. Jack Reynolds himself was whiskey-logged, and it is gravely to be questioned if there is one strictly abstemious man among the hundred odd who, in emulating his example, have demonstrated that murder, so far from being the rare art it was in De Quincy's time, is now quite commonplace. As the murder of one or two obscure persons leaves no fixed impression upon the masses, so the hanging of a ruffian now and then is thought lightly of by the very class sought to be impressed by the spectacle of his expiation. Murder has become so common that, in the absence of peculiarly striking surroundings, nothing but the taking-off of an entire family suffices to arouse the community to a due regard for the sanctity of human life. The remedy for this would appear to lie in inversion. Since spasmodic executions have failed to stay mankind of the efficacy of capital punishment, let hanging be made periodical, and as prompt and general as is compatible with the inalienable right to a fair and formal trial. It might be undertaken quarterly. Life is sweet; and he who otherwise might itch to kill a man early in January would be apt to forego the diversion at the thought that one terrible hanging-day had just past, and the law had fixed upon March 31st as the time for avenging murders committed in December, January and February. Instead of hanging for murder being flippantly spoken of as played out in New York, ruffians with swift death in their hearts would bethink themselves that in New York hanging for murder is conducted on a gigantic, an imposing scale; and the remembrance of the last grand dance in mid-air would exert no inconsiderable influence in staying the hand whose touch is clammy.

A MOVE in the right direction has been taken by the revisers of the Mississippi code of laws by making it a penitentiary offence to sell adulterated liquors. A German writer of the sixteenth century proposed that any one found guilty of adulterating wine should be burned alive. This roasting process would be deemed too barbarous a corrective for this century, but the mercenary wretches who poison their fellows by adulterating food—either solid or fluid—deserve severe punishment, and probably, if it were a penitentiary offence in all the states, there would be less of that frenzied intoxication, superinduced by deleterious drugs, which so often leads to crime, and fewer lunatics in the asylums.

PILING IT ONTO THE "CRACKS."—With a view of securing a large field of starters by affording the second-rate "mags" a good show, Jerome Park has resolved to pile the weight onto the flyers. Should Harry Bassett, for example, enter for the Westchester Cup, he will have to carry 124 lbs., as also will Monarchist, while Preakness will have to groan under 126 lbs.

JAPANNED MORALITY.—Butter will no longer melt in the Japanese mouth. The modicum of civilisation tasted by Tommy and sundry other *protegees* of the Mikado have begotten an alarming access of morality. The Mongolians who, drinking only the black kind themselves, furnish the rest of mankind with genuine green tea, loss the Prussian blue and powdered burnt gypsum intermixed, are about to inaugurate gigantic reforms. First of all, they propose to "go" for the poor player, reviving a proscription long since obsolete in countries of elder civilization. Accordingly, all actors have been notified that "they can pursue their profession three years longer, after which they must follow some more useful and honorable employment." The government has omitted to name some of the "more useful and honorable employments" which by implication it holds up as models. Probably making green tea is one of them, and manning piratical vessels another.

A WARNING TO THE LEFT-HANDED.—People who are left-handed should be extremely cautious, or their sinister deeds will come to light. A day or two ago an old miser in Solon, near Cleveland, O., was found dead from a pistol-wound. Circumstances suggested that a left-handed had fired from the outside and through a window, shooting the miser dead in his chair. The only left-handed person in the place, a young man of a widely respected family, was arrested on bare suspicion, and he has since confessed that his object was plunder. A strange case of detected crime, truly.

CEREBRO-SPINAL MENINGITIS, a disease that skates along the spinal column, and fetches up in the brain, has again attacked horses in this city. Although extremely difficult to combat, the disease is neither new nor incurable, as one of our enterprising dailies would have its readers believe; nor are our car companies shooting down their horses as soon as attacked. The quadrupeds are not half as brain-sick as the reporter who last week unconsciously did his best to frighten the owners of stock.

BROOKLYN IN TEARS.—Virtue is triumphant and vice no longer rampant in our sister city, distinguished for many churches. No longer shall the stealthy tiger lay in ambush within the precincts of Brooklyn; no more shall the belligerent dog and the fighting game-cock engage in mortal combat; and Bergh's heart is made glad, while the sport's heart is made sad, by the new *regime* of the police department. Is the city of churches to be reduced to a state of bondage, while Squankum goes free?

IT has long been thought that "straws show which way the wind blows." Not always. Here are two cases in which they showed, if anything, that they stop the wind from blowing. A Chinaman in San Francisco deliberately smothered himself to death by crowding straws into his nostrils, and last week a lunatic in Hudson Co. jail committed suicide by ramming fifty-two ten-inch straws down his throat. Moral.—Never give "tick" to prisoners, particularly straw tick.

THE CORPSES OF SUICIDES are sometimes publicly exhibited in London, at a certain price of admission. Here, our managers give a good theatrical entertainment, and throw the dead-heads in.

WE ARE TOLD that the clergy of New York are about to petition the legislature to forbid reporters attending and reporting executions. Is this to be done through any selfish feeling?

SOME RESURRECTIONIST has discovered that the art of weaving was first introduced into England in 1330; but he fails to inform us how they managed to "get in the weaving way."

"OUR JIM" is in trouble again. He can't understand why Congress should *Credit-Mobile-liars* any more than other falsifiers. He has gone down to Washington to investigate.

A FEAT OF STRENGTH.—An exchange states that an ox weighing 3,000 lbs. has been raised by a Texas farmer. The Lone Star State always was good at developing muscle.

OUT IN KENTUCKY, the papers tell us, turkeys are one dollar apiece. At some of our Broadway restaurants you have to pay more than a dollar if you want a piece.

THE WOMAN who whanged the man for selling her drunken husband whiskey is now on her travels. She was last in Buffalo [illegible] herding.

MEN IN ARK[illegible] boy be re[illegible] some of our first-class dra[illegible] [illegible] law a number lolling that was the o[illegible]

A Vac[illegible] [illegible] of our public institution [illegible] week, but the inmates rose *in arms* at their approach.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ Josephine Mansfield has already caused a duel between two Parisians, one of whom, a journalist, received a sword-thrust in the arm. M. M. Xavier Eyssent, of the *Free Port*, who had written a pamphlet about Josh Hart that she deemed offensive, and her friend Albert Saxe, a "gambler and sportsman," were the gladiators. Both sentenced to three days' solitary confinement.

☞ James Webber, a printer, 19 years old, was followed from the Opera Comique, on the night of the 5th inst., and stabbed and kicked that his injuries are regarded as serious. His assailants were "Broadway roughs," with whom, inside the theatre, he had been in a dispute.

☞ While some men were felling a large tree on the farm of Mr. Stevens, at Fairpint, Chautauqua lake, a cutter containing Mr. Crane, his wife and three children, drove up, and being in the direction in which the tree fell, before they could escape Mrs. Crane and the three children were crushed to death.

☞ On Jan. 15th, Judge Gilbert denied the motion made by the counsel for Fanny Hill, for a postponement of her funeral, and said her last bonds would be forfeited. She will be brought back from Washington, lodged in jail at Brooklyn, L. I., and tried during the present term of the Court of Over and Terminer.

☞ Josephine Mansfield has obtained the property of Nathan Appleton, at Newport, R. I., to the amount of $30,000, for the loss of $12,000 which she deposited with Bowles Bros. just before their failure.

☞ On the 19th, at Parker's Landing, Pa., a fire destroyed the Wallace House, Oil Exchange Hotel, *Daily Transcript* building, Union House, Greeley House, Boggess's Opera House, and Chalfant & Irwin's hardware store. Damage, $150,000.

☞ Thos. F. Murphy, Michael Knowles and John Kelley, severally aged 20, 22 and 22, arrested on the 14th for seeking to "run" women from Ward's Island to stock Water street dens of prostitution.

☞ On the 14th, in this city, Geo. Sheffield killed his wife, Maria, and then lay down in the same room and slept for twelve hours. Two other women were witnesses to the crime, and all four, mother, daughter, son and daughter-in-law, were drunk.

☞ Near Muscatine, Ill., on the 13th, a sleigh filled with ladies and gentlemen ran off a side bridge. Miss Hinze was instantly killed, Mr. Thompson and B. Bass were seriously injured, and several others of the party severely bruised.

☞ The old "Liberty Bell" was on the 15th removed from Independence Hall, Philadelphia, to the vestibule where it is to remain in future. A clapper was attached, and thirteen strokes were given in commemoration of the removal.

☞ Henry M. Hamilton, vice-president of National Railway Construction Co., a Dakota concern, and Philadelphia, charged with having obtained $51,000 from the Pennsylvania Company by false representations.

☞ On the 15th, a Wall street ferryboat was run down by a schooner, creating a panic. Several ladies on the ferryboat fainted, and four of the schooner's crew were knocked overboard and rescued with much difficulty.

☞ The widow of the pianist Thalberg has had his body embalmed, and it is to be placed in the Crystal Arcade of Paul Blaise Villa, Rome.

☞ The ship Possessors foundered off Gibraltar, and captain and nine men were lost.

☞ At Albany, on the 17th, the ice broke up and carried off a party of Indians. No assistance could be rendered them, and they are supposed to have been drowned.

☞ Thirty laborers were killed or wounded, on the 16th, near Wade Village, Me., by a construction train being thrown off the track and broken in two.

☞ The Empress Eugenie will issue a proclamation to the French people announcing her assumption of the regency during her son's minority.

☞ Mrs. Sophia Levy, a wealthy lady in this city, has been arrested on a charge of having accused her servant-girl of theft to extort money ($30) from her.

☞ The suit of Annie Doyle against Edmund Lockwood, to recover $5,000 damages for breach of promise, resulted on the 14th, in the Brooklyn city court, in a verdict for defendant.

☞ An explosion of a gasometer at South Glastonbury, Conn., on the 14th, caused the death of one man and the serious injury of five others.

☞ On the 14th the Brooklyn police made a descent on the cockpit kept by Felix Simmons, arresting him and nine others. Four game cocks were also captured.

☞ While a boy named Wm. Yost, while riding down a hill on a sled at Kingston, N. Y., on the 15th, ran in front of a passing locomotive, and was literally ground to atoms.

☞ Fires on the 13th:—Brown & Juke's paper mill, at Amsterdam, N. H.; loss, $50,000. Conrad Block, Lagonier, Ind.; loss, $15,000. Gardner Block, Saratoga; loss, $20,000.

☞ A number of hammers who had for some time lodged in our station-house were on the 13th furnished with more spacious quarters on Blackwell's Island.

☞ The Viceroy of Egypt proposes to build a pyramid that shall astonish the world, and for which immense blocks of granite are to be cut from beneath the cataract of the Upper Nile.

☞ W. W. Train, merchant tailor of Newton, Mass., eloped a few days since with Emma Morris, a girl in his employ, leaving a wife and child and several creditors.

☞ Three burglars—Henry Miller, James Adams and Patrick Smith, were captured in the act of robbing Shaster & Bros.' dry-goods store, Washington, D. C., on the 18th.

☞ Pope Pius IX has lost $300,000 by the failure of a bank at Brussels.

☞ Miller's block, Providence, R. I., was destroyed by fire on the 16th. Loss, $70,000.

☞ Supplies sent forward by Stanley have reached Livingstone, who, on Aug. 18th, again started for interior Africa.

☞ At Woking, Eng., there were three persons killed by the falling of a bridge.

☞ 60,000 persons attended the funeral of the ex-Emperor Napoleon at Chiselhurst on the 15th.

☞ Greenville, a village in Pennsylvania, was nearly destroyed by a fire on the 16th, which began in St. Charles Hotel.

☞ Andrew Riley, Daniel Eland, John Marion and Charles Wilson escaped from Sing Sing on the 16th. All four recaptured.

☞ On the 17th, a new four-story brick house in Poughkeepsie fell, severely injuring four persons.

☞ Election riots have occurred in Parana, Brazil. Many persons were killed.

☞ On the 14th six novices of the Order of Our Lady of Mercy received the habit at the convent of St. Joseph, Newark, N. J.

☞ Nellie Mazernie, a Massachusetts girl, last week poisoned herself to escape starvation.

☞ A Chicago boy of fourteen confesses to the murder of a Mr. Langdon, who was shot on the street of that city on the 6th.

☞ Of Pernambuco, on Jan. 1st, the steamer Erie was burned. All hands saved.

☞ At Charleroi, Belgium, Jan. 15th, a boiler exploded, killing eleven persons, and wounding many more seriously.

☞ Ship Chillingham Castle was wrecked near Malta. Lives lost, 26.

☞ At New Orleans, on the 14th, ex-Senator Pinchback was elected to the senate by the Kellogg legislature.

☞ The English mail train on the Northern Railway met on the 13th with an accident, killing two persons and injuring several.

☞ $10,000,000 more bonds are to be issued for the improvement of the Erie Railroad.

☞ On the 14th, at Manchester, N. H., a lad of sixteen years was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment for incendiarism.

☞ On the 14th, seven persons burned to death at a fire in Litchfield, Eng.

☞ Summer residence of Jeremiah Remington, Barrington, R. I., burned on the 14th. Loss, $18,000.

☞ The asylum occupied by the paupers of Laconia, N. H., were fired by an incendiary on the 18th.

☞ While his trial for robbing the mails was in progress in the U. S. District Court at Boston, Geo. W. Williams made his escape.

☞ Highwaymen are exploiting on Long Island. On the 16th a farmer was made to "stand and deliver."

☞ Eight boys escaped from the Philadelphia House of Refuge on the night of the 14th.

☞ It is thought that the unseemly contest over the Greeley will may end in a compromise. Proceedings deferred until 27th.

☞ 160,000 emigrants to America left Liverpool last year.

☞ Cadiz, O., had a $40,000 fire on the 15th.

SQUIBS AND THINGS.

— Here are the prices current in Iowa:—A pair of winter boots costs two loads of potatoes; a night's lodging, a load of oats; the wife wears five acres of wheat, the children each ten acres of corn; the husband is supposed to feed four-year-old steer; of a Sunday suit, twenty fat hogs. The farm, too, wears a mortgage that is worse than hard pan to the soil, and the annual tax rots the roof faster than rain.

— Cases of a singular and fatal disease have occurred at Logan, Utah. First a pain in the left knee; the leg below the knee becomes much swollen, hardened and red; the pain then abates; the swelling now commences above the knee, and extends into the body, when inflammation seizes the bowels and the patient soon dies.

— In Lutterworth, England, two days before Christmas, three clergymen, as magistrates, sent a woman seventy-five years old to prison for seven days for the crime of having "broken a stick from a farmer's hedge, thereby inflicting damages to the amount of a penny."

— The Bible has 66 books, 1,189 chapters, 31,198 verses, and 773,692 words. And some fellow who evidently does not work for a living has counted the word "and" 46,277 times, and footed up the letters at 3,566,480.

— Billy Fisher lives in Harrisonville, N. H. He has lived there five years, or all his life, and weighs 130 lbs., is 3ft. 7in. high, measures 41in. in girth, and has a 23in. thigh. When he was but a two-month-old child he weighed just 130 lbs.

— Parties in Hightstown, N. J., interested in bets on the weight of a hog drilled a hole into a 50-lbs. weight, so as to add forty pounds more to the weight of the hog. Bets to the extent of $3,000 were pending, and suits-at-law are now pending.

— Two artistic cooks of this city are said to have made a match at plucking fowls, the one to pluck a dozen quails the quickest, and the first who gets through is to be anointed as the champion plucker.

— Inquiries for President Grant having given them eight hours as a day's work, Boston workmen have presented to congress a resolution opposing the proposed increase of the presidential salary to $50,000.

— A Chinaman who had become snowblind while working on the Pacific R. R. called at the police office in San Francisco and asked to be shot, as he did not wish to live longer. He was sent to the almshouse.

— Brick Pomeroy's *Democrat* building, La Crosse, Ind., was sold last week at sheriff's sale to satisfy a claim of his former wife—$15,000 all-many. It brought but $11,000, and was bid in by the defendant.

— At Pittsburgh, on the 11th, there was a fight. Thomas Johnson won a piece of "Buck" Reilly's finger, and Reilly won the half of Johnson's nose. The police won all that was left of both of them.

— Discussed at having been detected in stealing a pair of gloves, Moses Lindwood, of Ogden, Ind., resolved never to give himself away again, and for an hour and a half he succeeded.

— New London, Conn., has now the meanest man. He keeps a bier saloon. He rewarded a man who returned his lost pocket-book containing $200, by offering to "shake him for drinks."

— Hannah Patterson, of Worcester, Mass., was found in bed in a Philadelphia jayrman last week went out of court and committed burglary.

— In a case tried on the 18th before Judge Van Brunt and a jury, in our supreme court, a lawyer doubled his fee by betting with his client on the verdict of the jury.

— It is stated that ex-Commodore Thellusson, of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, will visit us next year in his speedy yacht Guinivere.

— The photographers of San Francisco have agreed not to "take off" each other's pictures. Copies are not allowed to dispense with a sling. It was a serious set-back to Johnny and Bob many a shot ago, when he was quite empty, which he deserves, as he needs, a benefit, and it is to be hoped that he may soon have a substantial one.

JOINED THE SPANIARDS.—Billy Toal, better known as the Derry Youth, once matched against the late Charley Lynch, of the Irish constabulary, a short-foot race, to have been run on the joints of the lower limbs. To what extent this would operate is difficult to tell. Indeed, the questions arising out of joint and muscular action involve so many complex problems that it is no easy matter to determine them satisfactorily. Dr. Garner, of King's College, London, also bears the following testimony to the advantages, physically speaking, which this style of seat possesses in the bridle-seat:—"The relaxation with the sliding seat, not fatigue the body so much as the stationary seat is, I think, easily explained by the strain being more completely thrown on entirely different groups of the muscles, which contract during the stroke and relax in the recovery. In row by the forward, and vice versa. So easy alteration of the leg muscles the chances of cramps are reduced to a minimum."

AN OARSMAN DROWNED.—On Dec. 30th an inquest was held at Manchester, Eng., on the body of H. Heap, aged 36, who was drowned in the river Irwell, on the 28th inst. It was proved in evidence that on Friday night he, the deceased, and three other men, named John Barlow, William Bunting and William Hobson, lived at from Mayfield, met for the purpose of practicing for a race in which they had engaged to row on the following day. Deceased acted as coxswain. They went in the boat to Throstle Nest, and were coming back when they ran into a barge, and the boat was overturned. Mark Addy saw the deceased struggling in the water, and he swam out to the assistance of deceased, and he was drowned. Addy said

PEDESTRIANISM.

JAMES COLE AND J. BRUNT ran 120 yards, for £100 a side, at Hanlar lane, Gosport, Eng., on Dec. 23d, in presence of about one thousand spectators, the match having created great interest, as both are sprint runners of celebrity in the fast anchored isle. Cole led from the start, winning by a yard and a quarter.

GEORGE FARRY AND JOHN HURLEY contended in a three-mile walking match, for £50 a side, at Royal Oak Park, Manchester, Eng., on Dec. 28th, and after a plucky race Farry won, doing the distance in 23 min. 21 sec.

EDWARD W. MOULTON, the "Gopher Boy," and George Walk, a runner of considerable local repute, ran 125 yards at Allegheny City, Pa., on Jan. 13th, the former winning by about five feet. Time, 14 seconds.

MR. MOULTON, the Gopher Boy, was married to Miss Emma Wolter, of Philadelphia, Pa., on Jan 13th.

WE HAVE A LETTER for Ed. W. Moulton, pedestrian.

SKATING.

SKATING.—THE BALL DOWN.—The January thaw and its accompanying fog and rain put a stop to skating in the metropolis during the past week. The fun was enjoyed up to the 18th, but no later.

ICE-BOAT SAILING.—The regatta of the Brooklyn Ice-boat Club, planned for the 18th, was postponed on account of the weather.

ALFRED SHAW, the well-known Nottinghamshire, Eng., cricketer, met with a severe accident at Gedling on Dec. 21st. He was out with a small shooting-party, when, by some means or other, his coat caught fire, and before the flames could be extinguished the whole of the powder-flask he was carrying in one of the pockets, suddenly exploded, and the powder burnt his hand and arm very severely. The explosion peeled the flesh all off the fingers, and made sad work with the arm. He is progressing favorably.

SPECIES AND SPECIE.—Sydney Smith, preaching a charity sermon, frequently repeated the assertion that of all nations Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, whereupon he said he had evidently made a great mistake; that his expression should have been that they were distinguished for the love of their *specie*.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 343.

AT THE GAIETY, Paris, France, which last year startled the play-goers of that gay capital with "Le Roi Carotte," a grand magical spectacle called "La Poule aux Œufs d'Or" (The Hen with the Golden Eggs) is the New Year's novelty. It is in three grand acts, subdivided into twenty-four tableaux or scenes. The author is the veteran Dennery, who is equally at home in writing drama, tragedy, operatic libretti and farce, and this piece, first produced in 1845, seems to have lost none of its perennial freshness. Some of the dialogue is extremely old-fashioned, but with the new songs which are introduced, and the bewildering succession of splendid scenery, admirable mechanical tricks, and effective, there is little room left for brilliant repartee or sparkling wit. The story is singularly simple and very interesting. Two old folks have adopted a young girl, and they are living at a humble farm-house, surrounded by their four male descendants all happy young men. These gentlemen are curious, and they find out the mysterious hen, each of whose golden eggs grants the fulfilment of a wish, no matter how extravagant. The discovery of this secret is the death of the patriarch and his dame, and then the young men go forth on their adventures, as they have now, through the aid of the golden talisman, become powerful kings. How the young girl turns out to be a king's daughter, and how the peasants, now despotic tyrants, all fall in love with the same princess, and fight against each other till all their ears are gone, would take too long to tell; but at last the hen is killed, and then we see the moral of the pretty story, which is that riches, lightly acquired and badly employed, profit not. The magnificent scenery, handsome costumes, and marvellous changes engross the most attention, and some of these transformations are so ingeniously designed and smoothly executed that it would seem that superhuman agency has really been made use of. The scene which is most applauded is where all the characters become musical instruments, and where we have a ballet by ladies dressed as guitars and bells, assisted by children with concertina skirts, while the background is admirably filled up by an army of gigantic clarionets and flutes. Mlle Theresa, the popular *diva*, has made her mark in the part of Pamfinette, a vindictive princess, her songs meeting with double and treble encores. On the first night the attendance comprised the kings and queens of the Parisian fashion, and their attendant courtiers gave the most fabulous prices for seats; *Indepall d'orchestre* being freely quoted at fifty francs ($10), while demands for boxes elicited no reply.

THE opening of the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, constitutes the chief event in the last batch of theatrical news from Australia. The absence of the company in Adelade, where they have been for the last three months, of necessity limited the choice of the management as to the opening pieces, so that Mr. Coppin was driven to make the most of himself, and accordingly plays which he was the principal element of attraction. The new theatre, though not by any means all that one might have desired it should be, is a vast improvement upon the old one, which, even supposing it had not been burned down, would have had to be so far improved as to amount to a virtual reconstruction .....At the Prince of Wales', the latest novelty has been the producing of Mr. Lewis' play of "The Bells," in which Mr. Carden sustains the part of Mathias. The previous production of "Marie Antoinette" was a dismal failure..... At the Prince's, melo-drama and a mrn in Shakespeare so have formed the fare..... Great Australian Games were being made for a musical festival, to be held during Christmas week, at the Town Hall, under the management of Mr. Coppin.

AN INGENIOUS GERMAN at Sanger's Grand National Amphitheatre, late Astley's, London, Eng., has invented a contrivance so that by the simple turning of a lever, every gas-jet, including a large sunlight in the building, can be made to throw water with considerable force in case of fire.

MLLE. ESTHER AUSTEN terminated a most successful engagement at the Apollo Theatre, Hamburg, Germany, on Jan. 1st. Herr Damm, the director, has offered her an engagement of seven weeks, commencing on May 1st next, with a salary of £960 sterling for the term.

EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER LYTTON, member of British Parliament, Cabinet Minister, twice Lord Rector of Glasgow University, novelist, poet, dramatist, translator, scholar, politician, died in London, Eng., Jan. 18th, aged 67. He was the third son of General Bulwer, and on his mother's side descended from a grand old family, the Lyttons of Knebworth. Inheriting from his mother a pronounced literary taste, he developed into perhaps the most versatile and prolific of writers. It is related of him that at the age of six years, under his mother's guidance, he wrote verses in imitation of the old English ballads contained in "Percy's Reliques," and in his twentieth year, while at Trinity Hall, Cambridge (whence he graduated in 1826), he received the Chancellor's prize medal for an English poem on "Sculpture." His first prose publication, "Oliver Althyne and the Inheritance," in 1826. His first poetical publication was a collection of verses entitled "Weeds and Flowers," appearing in 1826. In the following year he wrote the poem "O'Neil the Rebel." This was succeeded by "Falkland," a novel, which appeared anonymously. Then followed in rapid succession his long list of works of fiction—"Pelham," "The Disowned," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," "Godolphin," "Pilgrims of the Rhine," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," "Ernest Maltravers," "Alice," "Leila," "Calderon the Courtier," "Night and Morning," "The Last of the Barons," "Zanoni," "Harold," "Lucretia," "The Caxtons," "My Novel," "What Will He Do with It?" and "A Strange Story." In the interval he translated the "Poems and Ballads of Schiller," and wrote a life of that German poet, in addition to the prose works "England and the English," "Athens, It's Rise and Fall," "Letters to John Bull, Esq.," "A Historic Review of the State of England and Europe at the Accession of Queen Victoria" (this was a special leader of the *Monthly Chronicle*), "The Conversations of a Student" (this associate editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, "Caxtoniana" (this in 1863), and "To Cut, Is," a political pamphlet directed against the ministry of Sir Robert Peel and for which its author was rewarded by the Lord Melbourne *regime* with the rank of baronet. Among his poetical works not already enumerated are "Eva and the Unopened Manuscript," "The New Timon," "King Arthur," "The Siamese Twins" (serio-comic) and "The Lost Tales of Miletus," and one or two other classical works which, written at the last six years, signalized the laying aside of a busy pen. But it was perhaps as a dramatist that Bulwer was known most favorably to a majority of the Clipper's readers. His first essay, "La Duchesse de La Valliere," was produced at Covent Garden in 1837, attained to no permanence. "The Sea Captain" was written in the same year. In the succeeding one he wrote "The Lady of Lyons, "Richelieu" (1839), "Cromwell" in 1842, and "Money" in 1846. His next and last play, "Not so Bad as We Seem," also in five acts, appeared in 1851. It has several times been acted by distinguished amateurs, with the late Charles Dickens at their head, but has failed to gain a place on the professional stage. Born at Heydon Hall, in the county of Norfolk, Eng., in 1805, married in 1827 to Lady Rosina Wheeler, separated from her in 1831 (one issue, a son), entered the House of Commons in the same year as member for the Burrough of St. Ives, from 1832 to 1841 represented the city of Lincoln, raised to the Baronetcy in 1838, defeated for Lincoln in 1841 and again in 1847, re-entered Parliament in 1852 as member for Herts, in 1858 succeeded Lord Sanley as Secretary of State for the Colonies, and created a baron in 1866.

Musical.

MADAME PARENA ROSA, says a Cairo, Egypt, correspondent, under date of Dec. 30th, has appeared with success at the Italian Opera House in "Norma," "The Huguenots," "Puritani," and "Trovatore." The "Victory was present at each performance. The ballet is on the most magnificent scale, with Mlle. Beretta as chief *danseuse*. Signor Verdi's "Aida" has been revived, in which Signor Medini, a basso, distinguishes himself. The melodies are fervid, the modulations and orchestration are tailored and heavy; there is no brilliancy, no piquancy, the *ballet* music is the best, if not original, it is characteristic.

M. HALANZIER was to have produced his first new work since he has been director of the Grand Opera House, Paris, France, on Jan. 6th. It is called "La Coupe du Roi de Thulé," being the prize opera of the Conservatoire competition. M. Faure has the principal part. M. Meyerbeer's "Jeanne d'Arc" is to be brought out before 1873 closes. The spectacle and rehearsals will occupy several months.

A new comic opera, by M. Michel, the words by M. Kirsch, "Les Chevaliers de Tolede," has obtained a great success at the Theatre Royal at Liege.

THE SCALA THEATRE, at Milan, Italy, opened on the 26th ult. with Marchetti's opera of "Ruy Blas." Their's opera of "Ruy Blas." The first and second acts of the work were received very coldly, but in the love scenes of the third Mlles. Krauss and Campanini obtained an immense success. The latter sings admirably, and the lady acted like a great artist.

THE Ballo, of Rome, announces that a boy of 6 years, named Lanceliotti, gave the other day a concert at the Dante Rooms, and performed pieces on the piano with wonderful execution.

MLLE. SASS receives 50,000 francs for singing during the carnival season at the Apollo, Rome. The Madrid management offers her 80,000 francs.

Variety Halls.

CHARLES AND CARRIE MOORE, the "American skaters," are in London. They appear nightly at four of London's variety halls—the Sun, Metropolitan, Royal and London Pavilion. Their comic act is received with laughter, and their performance on the "Five Wheels" is said to be wonderful. They are engaged for the year 1873 to appear at some of the principal theatres in England.

Circuses.

THE THREE London, Eng., circuses—Sanger's, Hengler's and the Holborn—were receiving their full share of holiday patronage, to secure which it was not necessary to make any alteration in the programmes with which Xmas week opened. ..... "The Feast of Lanterns" was the attraction of the holiday season at Hutchinson & Taylor's Circus, Cardiff, Wales. The De Castro Troupe had been added to the company..... Swallow's Circus was doing well at Edinburgh, Scotland..... At Batty's Circus, Dublin, Ireland, a pantomime entitled "O'Donoghue of the Lakes; or, The White Horse of Killarney," had materially assisted to draw full houses ..... Pinder's Circus was largely patronized by the inhabitants of Great Yarmouth, Eng. ..... The French circus was at Jersey..... Newsome's Circus appears to be firmly established at Liverpool, Eng. ..... Wombwell's Menagerie opened at Newcastle on Jan. 1st..... The pantomime of "Valentine and Grace" was the principal novelty at the Allied Circus, Nottingham, Eng. ..... Manders' Menagerie was at Preston ..... Hengler's Circus, Sheffield, reopened on Christmas day, the pantomime of "Cinderella" being produced ..... Samuel Haywood, leader in circuses, died at Nottingham on Dec. 24th, aged 61.

AMUSEMENTS.

TO MANAGERS.
MORRIS-NORTON COMEDY COMBINATION
can be secured by first-class Managers for the production of THEIR EXTENSIVE REPERTOIRE of new and startling plays. Address CHAS. MELVILLE, Business Manager, 43-1t* or COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

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HENRY A. THOMAS, Artistic Lithographer, President of the American Chorus Co., 745 BROADWAY, N. Y. Portraits, Showcards, Posters, Chromos, &c. Orders for the above specialties will be executed at short notice and reasonable prices in the highest style of the Lithographic Art. Chromos for Premiums constantly on hand. 43-1t*

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A new hall, just completed, situated in the most convenient locality for easy conference. Tastefully decorated and most comfortably seated. Capacity, 1,200. Was inaugurated by a Ball to the Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada, and is now open for engagements for Concerts, Lectures, Readings and other first-class entertainments. Apply to the Proprietor, 43-1t* DAVID PHILLIPS, Montreal, Canada.

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Lessee and Manager..... JARRETT & PALMER
OVERWHELMING SUCCESS.
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Acknowledged to be the MOST GORGEOUS PAGEANT EVER SEEN ON THE STAGE.
MUSIC, SINGING, DANCING, SCENERY, COSTUMES, ILLUMINATIONS, TRANSFORMATIONS.
Varieties combined in this perfection of pageantry, EVERY EVENING AT 7.45. Performance closes at 11. Stages and cars to all parts of the city in waiting.
SATURDAY MATINEE AT HALF-PAST ONE. 43-1t

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585 BROADWAY, opposite Metropolitan Hotel.
MANAGER..... H. W. BUTLER
INCREASED ATTRACTIONS THIS WEEK.
A GRAND DISPLAY OF NOVELTIES.
Engagement of the marvelous artist, MISS LEONA DARE, also the great comedian and vocalist, HARRY O'NEIL.
Re-engagement of the favorite comedian, SCHOOLCRAFT, together with the REGULAR COMPANY EVERY EVENING.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.
NOTICE.—The management takes pleasure in announcing engagements with the following artists:—
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MR. JOSH HART,
FIRST NIGHTS OF POOLE'S NEW BURLESQUE
KENO AND LOTTO,
INTRODUCING THE GUSHING HARTINKELY BALLET TROUPE IN A NEW BUTTER PUS BALLET.
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ARTHUR GREGORY,
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WILD, QUEEN AND WEST,
JOHN HART,
MASTER BARNEY, KITTY O'NEIL, JENNIE HUGHES, ADA WRAY, AND 29 OTHERS,
CONCLUDING WITH KENO AND LOTTO. 43-1t
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WILLIAM B. FRELIGH.....MANAGER
MONDAY EVENING, JAN. 20TH, 1873, second week of the great Spectacle of THE TWELVE TEMPTATIONS.
Crowded Houses, Delighted Audiences, Immense Public Enthusiasm, regarding this the GREATEST HIT OF THE SEASON.
Re-engaged for his masterly impersonation of ULRIC, THE DOOMED. Every scene loudly applauded. Every act encored. TWELVE TEMPTATIONS.
Splendid Marches, Dances, Choruses, Combats, Magnificent Scenery, Properties and Appointments. Cast to the full strength of the company. Every night until further notice. 12 TEMPTATIONS. 12 TEMPTATIONS.
Preceded by favorite Farce.
Friday evening benefit of J. B. STUDLEY.
In preparation for revival, the great drama of BUFFALO BILL. 43-1t

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POSITIVELY LAST WEEK.
AFTERNOON AT 2. LAST TIMES OF MR. W. FISKE, in JOHN A. MACK'S SENSATIONAL DRAMA OF POISON, FRIDAY, 24th, BENEFIT OF MARIETTA RAVEL.
EVENING AT 8. FIRST APPEARANCE OF MLLE. MARIETTA RAVEL, IN HER SENSATIONAL DRAMA OF THE WILD CAT.
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Corner of Twenty-eighth street and Broadway.
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WHAR YOU GWINE?
Berths at 8. Seats secured. 43-1t

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Sole Lessee and Manager.....MR. AUGUSTIN DALY
MONDAY, JAN. 20th,
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MAGNIFICENT PRODUCTION
of the famous Oriental sensation and spectacle,
THE CATARACT OF THE GANGES,
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Twenty-third street. Every evening at 8. Saturday Matinee at 2.
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CROWDED. IMMENSE HIT OF THAT PRACTICAL JOKE, THAT PRACTICAL JOKE.
First time this season of the great Challenge Dance.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS. THAT PRACTICAL JOKE.
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.

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Gorgeous Costumes, Novel Mechanical Effects, Artistic Scenery.
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Three Beautiful Ballets, Magnificent Properties.
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Lauri Family, Marion Family, Morris's Mystic Changes.
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Orchestra Chairs, $1 50; Secured Balcony and Parquet, $1. 43 1t

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MATINEES TUESDAY AND SATURDAY.
First appearance of the faithful representative of the old Southern negro, SAM SANFORD, in the sensational drama entitled UNCLE ANTONY.
First appearance of the great artists, COURTRIGHT AND GILBERT.
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NEIL ROGERS. (43-1t) ALL THE POPULAR STARS.

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WILL START
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MISS ELLA WESNER,
NOW ON HER EUROPEAN TOUR, WILL RETURN TO AMERICA, AND TRAVEL WITH PASTOR'S TROUPE.

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THE SENSATIONAL DOUBLE CHARACTER ARTISTS, IN THEIR ORIGINAL SPECIALITIES, THE LIVELY AND EXQUISITE JIG AND CLOG DANSEUSE AND DUTCH CHARACTER ARTISTE,

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THE CHAMPION SONG AND DANCE MEN OF THE WORLD,

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THE ONLY TRUE REPRESENTATIVE OF THE OLD SOUTHERN DARKEY,

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G. W. H. GRIFFIN.....Director.
THE BROOKLYN FAMILY RESORT.
Established in 1850, and now in the full tide of "SUCCESS!" The most enjoyable performance in the city given by a company perfect in every department.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at half past 2 o'clock.
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GRAND OPENING, LIBRARY HALL.
THEATRE COMIQUE, NEWARK N. J., FEB. 1st, 1873.
J. E. JAMES and W. G. GILLEN, Proprietors. JAMES D. ROOME, Stage Manager.
WANTED immediately, First-Class Male and Female Talent of all kinds. Must be good dressers on and off the Stage. Silence a negative, but write again, stating lowest terms. Address 43-1t* J. E. JAMES, P. O. B. 370, Elizabethport, N. J.

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C. LE FOWLER,
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All letters should be addressed SELMA, ALA., until FEB. 10. 1t*

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THE ALPINES!
THE ALPINES!!
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IN THEIR
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HAVE JUST CLOSED THEIR HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL ENGAGEMENT AT THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE, NEW YORK,
AT LIBERTY TO ACCEPT ENGAGEMENTS WITH RESPONSIBLE MANAGERS.
READ THE FOLLOWING ENCOMIUMS OF THE PRESS:—
[Boston Daily Globe, Aug. 20th.]
BOSTON THEATRE.—This establishment opened last night with a crowded house to witness the burlesque of Miss Lisa Weber and her burlesque troupe. The hit of the evening must be credited to Mr. Russelle Girard, who, in his comique dancing, jumped at once into public favor.
[New Orleans Picayune, Dec. 27th.]
ST. CHARLES THEATRE.—At the Old Drury we have the famous Humpty Dumpty, which in the hands of Mr. Fox is achieving a brilliant success.
The dancing introduced by the Girards is of a rather more fantastic character than we have seen in New Orleans before. The well-known prints and chromos of the Jardin Mabille and the tremendous go by the Russelle Girard are performed with astonishing rapidity and with uproarious effect.
[New York Herald, Jan. 14th.]
The brothers Girard, who took the place of the Majiltons at the Grand Opera House, are clever performers and were well received by a large audience last night. Address all business communications RUSSELLE GIRARD, 43-1t* care Grand Central Hotel, N. Y.

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THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS VARIETY THEATRE IN THE CITY.
Performers having specialties to offer, stating lowest salary, FRANK H. NELSON, 43-1t* Director of Amusements.

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Crime, Little German Band, Courting in the Rain, Starry Night for a Ramble, Dolly Dot, Little Dickey Birds, Number Five, Run Behind the Door, Address on the Death of Mother Says I Hasn't, Awfully Clever, Ten Thousand Miles Away, That's Where You Make a Mistake, Yes My Dear, Slave, Military Style, Bald Fisherman, Knobsworn, Walking in the Rain, Says That I Adore, Remembrance of Home, or Home Once More, Mysel Snyder's Party, Don't Give the Name a Bad Place, Down in a Coal Hole, Good Bye, Charley, Crime, Gus Williams', Thomas' Machine, Sent post paid. Price 25c. each. WHITE & GOULLAUD, 86 Tremont street, Boston, Mass. 43-4t

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UNION HALL, JOHNSTOWN, PA.
This Hall has proven its claims to being the ONLY POPULAR ONE in the city. ALL SHOWS exceptng three DURING LAST FEAR played in
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GEORGIA MINSTRELS,
AMY STONE,
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CAROLINE RICHINGS,
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN,
MADAME RUSSELBURGH,
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MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE,
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LANNIER'S DRAMATIC ALLIANCE,
McGILL AND STRONG,
MADAME ANNA BISHOP,
and many others not to be published, have occupied and will occupy UNION HALL THIS SEASON.
HOW IS THAT FOR HIGH?
Address JAMES D. HAMILTON, 43-2t Janitor and City Bill Poster.

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Good Routes. 43-1t*

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are playing with great success at Tony Pastor's Opera House, New York. Can be engaged for the tenting season.
Address H. VICTORELLI, 43-1t* care of Clipper Office.

ROSA CERITO,
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and the ONLY RIVAL OF THE LATE CUBA*,
can be engaged by managers of first-class theatres only, by addressing 344 East Twenty-third street, New York.
N. B.—This is not the new found-out Cerito, transformation danseuse. 43-1t*

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AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, NEW YORK.
IMMENSE HIT
OF THE LAURIS IN THEIR NEW AND ORIGINAL ACT, entitled,
LE DIABLE DE L'EGLISE,
INVENTED, ARRANGED AND PRODUCED BY MR. JOHN LAURI.
NOTICE.
The entire scene, with new traps and effects, has been legally secured according to act of congress.
JOHN LAURI Ballet Master, 43-1t* at the Olympic and Grand Opera House, N. Y.

MARIE POINIER,
VOCALIST AND ACTRESS,
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A RARE CHANCE.—4TH HUSLETIN. Vocal Novelties. Arr. in a new style, new features and Orch. parts. "Kiss and Kisses," "Shy! so Shy!" "Paper Wings," "Unhappy Barber," v. hum. He kissed me once! twice!! thrice!!! Each $3 00, sent free of postage, on receipt of the price. 3 New S. & D. 3 Sets C. S. ORIGINALS, with exclusive rights on mod. terms. Also Jigs, Clog Dances, Plantation Dances, each $5, with orch. Send your orders at once to F. ARNOLD, 680 Sixth av., N. Y. city. Any kind of song or music is written to order. See list 24 and 34 Bulletin in the Clipper. 43-1t*

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WANTED.—A FIRST CLASS SECOND HAND STEREOTYPER, layout, etc., about ready next [illegible] Address [illegible]

H. P. WILSON, CHARACTER ACTOR AND O.D. DIAN, can be secured for balance of the season to travel, or permanent theatre. Address 43-1t COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

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A dwarf, 30 years old, 35 inches high, with a very heavy beard, perfectly formed in every respect, can be secured for the coming season through COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 43-1t

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In the great title role, introducing his original QUINTESSENCE OF OLD VIRGINIA.
And the versatile child actress (under six years), LITTLE DELMAR.
With Jig and Song and Dance specialties, as YOUNG JOE!
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METROPOLITAN THEATRE,
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MR. R. G. BERT.....Proprietor and Manager
After a most successful season of fourteen months, during which some of the best male and female stars of the United States have played most brilliant engagements, the management is prepared to negotiate for new talent for the GRAND REGULAR DRAMATIC SEASON, COMMENCING ON MONDAY, NOV. 11th, 1872. First-class talent (only), stock and star, will be treated with. Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN, 43-1t 9 West Fourth street, N. Y.

TO CIRCUS MANAGERS.
As the time is fast approaching for circus managers, directors of concerts and side shows to secure talent for the tenting season of 1873-73, I would state that I am prepared to negotiate for first-class talent of every description, including equestrian directors, ring masters, clowns, gymnast, acrobats, male and female equestrians, hoss cutlers, canvasmen, luggage van drivers, treasurers, advertising agents, layers out, leaders of orchestra, paste "brigades," &c.; also negro performers and ladies for the side show. Address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN. 43-1t

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The above beautifully fitted up theatre can be rented through the undersigned by the single night or week, and combinations of all kinds arranged with upon reasonable terms
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THE ROWLAND BROTHERS can be secured for the TENTING SEASON for the HORIZONTAL BAR, introducing Double Giant Swing and Flying Return Somersaults; Balancing Trapeze, introducing the Ladder, Chair (new), Tumbling. Have now and beautiful wardrobe. Address 43-1t COL T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MISS LAURA KEENE
AND STRONG DRAMATIC COMPANY
will commence their spring season on or about Feb. 10th.
POWERFUL NEW PLAYS.
THE LELIA BAWN,
a thrilling five act Irish drama.
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five act New York society play.
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a beautiful Robertsonian comedy.
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written expressly for MISS KEENE BY DION BOUCICAULT.
THE ORIGINAL AMERICAN COUSIN
by Tom Taylor, unabridged and unabridged.
WORKING MEN OF NEW YORK,
SEA OF ICE,
SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
First-class theatres and opera houses only apply.
COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.
Literary and C. V. M. Associations desiring the costume recitals, rendered so popular by Miss Laura Keene, Mlle Clara Stella, Signor G. Morosini and Mr. C. Alberton, for the few last nights of course ending Feb. 6th, apply as above, or for the New England States to REDPATH & FALL, 43-1t Boston Lyceum Bureau, Boston.

TO MANAGERS.
TREMENDOUS SUCCESS AT THE BOWERY THEATRE, N. Y., OF MISS
JOHANNA PRITCHARD'S
SENSATIONAL DRAMA OF
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EVERY TABLEAU CALLED.
The authoress repeatedly brought before the curtain. Address 43-1t COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

AMY STONE
DRAMATIC ALLIANCE.
WANTED, A FIRST-CLASS WALKING LADY.
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together with MLLE LUCIA, can be secured for the tenting season for the following acts:—
BROTHER ACT, by GEORGE and EDWARD.
TWO CLOWNS (Comic and Acrobatic), GEO. and EDWARD.
TRIPLE PARTERRE (Acrobatic), GEO., ED. and MLLE LUCIA.
LA PERCHE, GEORGE and EDWARD.
COMIC BARREL (introducing best Coon Dog in America), GEO. and ED.
DOUBLE TRAPEZE, GEO. and ED. or ED. and LUCIA.
Go in entrees, leap nine horses, tumble, and splendid dressers. LUCIA can go in Concert, Serio-Comic Vocalist, &c.
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NEW ROYAL LYCEUM,
TORONTO, CANADA.
THE MANAGEMENT OF THIS POPULAR HOUSE HAS LEASED AND TREAT LIBERALLY WITH FIRST-CLASS ATTRACTIONS, DRAMATIC, OPERATIC, BURLESQUE, PANTOMIMIC AND MINSTREL.
OPEN DATES FROM FEB. 3d.
Address SAPPER, DAVIS & WAUGH, Box 1,589 or 43-4t COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

ABBOTT
THE
CLOWN
AND HIS
PANTOMIME TROUPE
CAN BE ADDRESSED 136 EAST TWELFTH STREET, THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK. 43-1t

THE
MATTHEWS FAMILY
Now performing to crowded houses at the THEATRE COMIQUE, BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Opinions of Press.]
Herrington's Opera House, Providence.—Quite a lively little time and a pleasant entertainment were enjoyed by those present to see the Matthews Family perform last evening. The performance of the brace of terpsichoreans was creditable. MASTER WILLIE MATTHEWS is a clever comedian in a small way. The feats of MASTER F. MATTHEWS, as the boneless boy, are quite marvelous. From the manner in which he is doubled up, he leads to the opinion that either his father had first taken him apart or others are wanting, or that he was manufactured under one of Goodyear's patents for rubber tubing. "This is me" is good.—Providence Morning Herald, Jan. 7th, 1873. 43-1t*
Engaged with P. T. Barnum, Esq., for his summer season.

**VALENTINE

A "STRAIN" FROM THE POLITICAL MACHINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHAS. CONNOLLY.

AH! ME!

[Horn.—When the poetical machine is agitated by a romantic school-girl, something similar to the following choice piece of manufacture "ensues," and the morceau is published in top right-hand corner of the *Village Gazette*, under the modest signature of Zenobia Katie St. Bill. Miss E. K. St. Bill is in Heaven for just three months preceding its "printing," after which time she begins to think it was "real mean" on the part of the *Gazette* folks not to have paid her for her "verselets," seeing as how Jean Ingelow and the other girls got so much money by the same kind of work.]

To my sweet heavenly dream of bliss
My soul a sad farewell doth like,
Ah! me!
All my dreams so sweet
Of happiness complete,
So quickly, O! did fleet.*
Ah! me! Ah! me!

O! life is cold! yes, cold is life,
Aye! cold indeed is this life's strife,
Ah! me!
Dark the streamlet flows,
Withering is my rose,
O! black sorrows blows,†
Ah! me! Ah! me!

O! all in all to me he was,
O! yes he was, ah! yes he was,‡
Ah! me!
And O! he swore on high
That O! he'd never fly,
But O! it was a lie,
Ah! me! Ah! me!

I know I'm dying, that I know §
So more I'll wander here below,
But up above I'll quickly go,
Ah! me! Ah! me!

* Poetical license allows the happiness to "flee."
† Do observe the connection of the poetical ideas.
‡ Evidently "was" don't rhyme "fleetly."
§ We hate to be compelled to kill off the poor young lady in this wooden manner, but it must be done. No young lady of average vitality could possibly survive the "gloomysome" condition of things above described. You may notice that the young lady in question is well posted as to where she is going; which, being some distance "up above" in blissful regions, takes away a little of the sorrow felt by reason of her untimely willing-off. May she where unfaithful lovers lie not, and where she may not be compelled to be continually groaning "Ah! me! Ah! me."

THREE TIMES.

II. THE SECOND TIME.

The Spindlecum people showed their appreciation of the British drama as represented by lion-taming by giving Herr Prusinowski a bumper. Whether it was the influence of the Cham of Tartary, the Mikado, the Grand Duchess of Selzerwasserburg, or the local member, or the simple merits of the performance, is a moot question, the Spindlecumians assembled in full force, and before the Herr had left the family tea-table to repair to the theatre, he received the pleasing intelligence that the crowd at the pit and gallery doors was half way across the street.

"If we only go like this for another year or so, Liz, "I'll cut the profession," exclaimed Herr Prusinowski cheerily, "and start a theatrical public, somewhere on the Surrey side. It's a trying life is the wild-beast business."

"And a dangerous life, too, William," said the little woman, with a sigh.

The renowned Rodolph's name in private life was William.)

"Not much of that, old girl. I'm more than a match for Robinson by this time. There isn't a move he's up to that I'm not down upon, and he's he cunningest beast tast ever plucked a bone. You're going into the front to-night—the best."

"Yes, dear; I shall get a seat at the back of the boxes, Mrs. Prodger's going with me. She's took her ticket and paid for it, you know, William, like a lady."

Mrs. Prodger was the Prusinowskis' landlady, a ponderous matron of fifty, who had let lodgings to "theatricals" for the last twenty years.

"Ta-ta, Liz, then; I'm off."

"Good by, dear! Mind. There's the 'Miller and his Men' —that'll last an hour and a half, surely."

"I don't believe it'll play an hour. You ought to know what my benefit audiences are—all agog for the lions. I want to have a look at the beasts before we begin, and I'm always a little nervous on my ben. Good-by."

This was a mere conjugal excuse. The theatre to a man bred at the side scenes in his club. Herr preferred smoking his pipe in the free-and-easy atmosphere of the dressing-room at the Queen's to the tamer delights of the domestic tea-table. He had very little anxiety about his beasts. Joe Purdy, his factotum, a keeper who had served his apprenticeship with the great Womtwell, had the custody of them.

The house was an excellent one. The boxes were not so well filled as on the memorable night at Manchester, which Herr Prusinowski had described to his friends; but the pit was a seething caldron of humanity; the gallery looked like a wall of eager faces piled one upon the other up to the iron roof. The "Miller and his Men" was performed almost in dumb show, or seemed so to be, though the leading tragedian retained on the establishment was responsible for the utterance of the character of Grindoff, with a faint hope of snatching a stray leaf from the crown of wild olive which would be cast at the feet of the lion-tamer by and by.

Grindoff did not bate a syllable of his part or the minutest detail of his stage business, not a stamp of his russet boot, or a scowl of his heavily-corked eyebrows; but the audience, unaccustomed to dramatic, revealed their work to the best of their abilities, and the drama was raced through in one hour, ten minutes and seven seconds by the prompter's chronograph.

Then came a stirring overture—the "Bronze Horse"—during which the audience cracked nuts and became momentarily more excited; and then the act-drop rose to show make-a scene appealing character, and revealed Brown, Jones and Robinson picturesquely grouped in the stock primeval forest.

There was a pause. The house applauded vociferously. There was something stirring in the notion that these three unfettered beasts might leap into the pit at any moment. It was quite a pleasant sensation—especially for the gallery. Brown, who was elderly and decrepit, yawned and stretched himself out as if for slumber, with the air of having been untimely disturbed from his after-dinner nap. Jones, who was of a lively temperament, whisked his tail and snapped at an imaginary fly. Robinson stared full at the audience, as if he really did understand and appreciate their plaudits.

The music quickened, broke into a stirring march, and then, at a *fortissimo* chord from the full orchestra, the lion-tamer bounded on to the stage—a striking figure, broad-shouldered and muscular, in close fitting, flesh-colored raiment, a scarlet girdle round his waist, and a leopard's skin over his shoulder.

There was a good strong Sheffield knife in his belt, but he had no appearance of being armed.

His reception was tremendous. He stood bowing and moving his tragic head in response to it with an air of being quite overcome by his feelings, for nearly five minutes before he could begin his performance. His eyes wandered all round the house with the gaze of calculation till they grew suddenly fixed, glaring at the stalls.

Now, the stalls at the Queen's Theatre, Spindlecum, were a delusion and a snare. Spindlecum, at its best, was not an aristocratic town, and the Queen's was not the aristocratic theatre of Spindlecum. Except on a mayor's bespeak or under masonic patronage, the stalls were rarely tenanted. But there they were, two long rows of partitioned seats, covered with dusty, red cloth.

To-night there were three people in all the length and breadth of them—two faded looking elderly women in opera cloaks at one end, and in the middle, on the throne that commanded every inch of the stage, a middle-aged man with a cadaverous face, prominent light grey eyes and lank, reddish hair, carefully dressed in full evening costume.

He had on an attitude of extreme reflection, with his arms folded on the back of the seat in front of him—he was in the back row—as the lion-tamer, Herr preferred smoking his pipe in the free-and-easy atmosphere of the dressing-room at the Queen's to the tamer delights of the domestic tea-table. He had very little anxiety about his beasts. Joe Purdy, his factotum, a keeper who had served his apprenticeship with the great Womtwell, had the custody of them.

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He had on an attitude of extreme reflection, with his arms folded on the back of the seat in front of him—he was in the back row—as the lion-tamer. For the moment the sight of him seemed to turn Rudolph Prusinowski to stone. It was the man he had been talking of that day.

The cold sweat broke out upon his forehead; but he stamped his foot savagely, angry with himself for this felly, muttered an oath, and began his business with the lions—standing upon their backs, riding round the stage upon all three at once, leading them through a kind of dance movement, described in the bills as a set of quadrilles, with garlands of paper roses, and otherwise disporting himself with them, the red-haired man in the stalls watching his every movement and every movement of the animals breathlessly, and never stirring by a hair's-breadth from his attentive attitude, or turning his eyes away from the stage.

Then came the feature of the evening—a single combat between Herr Prusinowski and Robinson—who was described in the bills, by the way, as "Moloch, the royal brindled lion, presented to Herr Prusinowski by one of the native princes of the Punjaub"—at the end of which the Herr dragged asunder the animal's jaws, and put his head into the red-hot looking mouth.

To-night, in spite of that deadly terror which had come upon the Herr at the sight of that one detested spectator, everything went smoothly enough. Robinson, otherwise Moloch, kept his temper, suffered his jaws to be opened to their widest extent, and the showman's head to repose upon his tongue as on a pillow for half a dozen seconds or so, and the curtain came down to vociferous applause; but when the *beneficiaire* was called for, there was no response. The prompter found him leaning against one of the wings, white to the lips.

"Did you ever see a man tremble?" he asked in a voice that shook so much as to be scarcely intelligible. "If you want to see one, look at me."

He was shaking in every limb, like a man stricken with ague.

"Why, what's the matter, cully?" asked the prompter, with more friendliness of tone than elegance of diction. "They're calling for you like mad. You'd better go on."

"I'm going as soon as I can steady myself. I never neglect my business; but I've had a turn. I never thought I should come off the stage alive to-night."

"Why, the animals were quiet enough."

"Yes, as mild as lambs; but there is a man in front that's my evil genius. I never felt superstitious about anything else before—none of your ghosts or that kind of rot—but I've got my fancy about that man. He'd like to see me killed, and—he'll contrive to see it."

"Prusinowski," said the prompter, "I couldn't have believed it of you. I thought you was a man of sense."

But the prompter felt uncomfortable nevertheless. The human mind is especially open to uncomfortable sensations of this kind.

"Come, my boy," he exclaimed, "they're losing temper." This in allusion to the audience, who were clamoring hoarsely for their favorite. "You'd better go on."

Prusinowski wiped his damp forehead, pulled himself together, as it were.

"All right," he said, and followed the prompter to the first entrance, and went through the narrow opening which that functionary made for him by pulling the heavy drop-scene a little on one side. He went on, made his accustomed manifestations, and retired to the stage to disappear with renewed bowings on the opposite side. He was looking at the stalls all the time. The man was gone.

"Curse him!" muttered the lion-tamer. "If he'd given me time to change my clothes, I'd have been in front of the house in time to see him come out. I want to know who he is; I want to know what he means."

He dressed hurriedly, tearing off his close-fitting garb and shuffling on the costume of every-day life anyhow, and then went back to the prompt entrance before the curtain had risen for the farce, and took another survey of the stalls, thinking it just possible that his evil genius had returned. But the man's place was empty. There were only the two dreary women, waiting meekly for one of the stalest, inanest farces known to dramatic literature, and fanning themselves with their pocket-handkerchiefs.

Herr Prusinowski went round to the public doors of the theatre, and hung about there, with a vague idea that the man might be lingering also. There was a large tavern just opposite the Queen's, where the audience were wont to refresh themselves—even the stalls and boxes—with brandy-and-soda. The Herr crossed the road by and by, went into the crowded bar, still looking for his man, and looking vainly.

While he was staring about him a friendly hand tapped him on the shoulder.

"It was well over eighty, my boy," said the voice of De la Zouche, upon whose youthful cheek still lingered some trace of the vermilion it had worn in the "Miller and his Men," and whose upper lip was still stiff with the glue that had secured his horsehair moustache. "Nearer ninety, Tiddikins tells me, and he knows how to reckon up a house with any man in the profession. I wish you joy."

"Thank you, old fellow," replied the lion-tamer vaguely. "Yes, I think it's a good house."

"Think! there's no room for thinking. The perspiration was running down their faces in the pit all through the 'Miller.' The house was like a furnace; and uncommonly thirsty that kind of thing makes a man. The pongelow you sent in was very acceptable. I thought Fitz Raymond would never have taken his head out of the pewter. He's awful coally on his Grindoff—goes in a perisher even when he can't hear himself speak for the noise in front. But I say, Prusi, how about the little supper you talked of?" This in an insinuating tone.

Prusinowski stared at him blankly for a moment, and then said carelessly:—

"The supper—oh, to be sure. I'd forgotten all about it." The noble countenance of De la Zouche fell and his open brow was overshadowed by a sudden gloom. "But it's all right," continued the *beneficiaire*. "It's ordered for twelve o'clock, sharp. I ordered it on spec. I thought I should have a good house."

"Prusinowski, you are a gentleman!" exclaimed the actor. "You are one of nature's nobility, sir, and daily contact with the brute creation has not degraded your lofty mind. At twelve, sharp! I'll go home and put on a clean collar. I think you mentioned a goose?"

"Roast beef at the top, roast goose at the bottom," said the Herr, absently.

"It is a bird which, on the supper table, I appreciate above any of the feathered tribe," replied the walking gentleman. "*Au revoir*, old boy."

He departed, wondering at the silence and gravity of a man who could draw an eighty pound house.

Herr Prusinowski left the tavern and strolled listlessly along the street. It was not quite eleven. He had a clear hour before him, in which he could do what he pleased with himself. Under ordinary circumstances he might have gone home to have a few words with his "little woman," and make some amendment in his toilet, but to-night he hardly cared to face his wife. She would see that something was wrong and question him. The impression that man's appearance had made upon him was a subject he did not want to talk about, not even with her. He turned out of the busy thoroughfare in which the Queen's Theatre was situated, presently, into a broad, quiet, old-fashioned looking street leading down to the quay—a street of broad, square red-brick houses of the Georgian era, grim and respectable, with a shop only here and there, and then a superior class of shop. It was a very quiet street at this time of night. The summer moon was shining full upon the broad pavement and empty road, and there was just a glimpse of moonlit water at the end of the street where it opened on the quay.

There was only one shop at this hour, a tobacconist's at a corner. Prusinowski felt in his coat-pocket with a dim recollection of having allowed Mr. Fitz Raymond to empty his tobacco-pouch that evening, and then strolled across the road towards the tobacconist's shop. While he was in the act of crossing, a man came out of the shop and walked slowly away towards the quay. The lion-tamer recognized him at a glance and darted after him. It was the occupant of the stalls, a tall, angular figure in the moonlight, with more or less the air of a gentleman.

It was an unjustifiable thing to do, of course; but Rudolph Prusinowski did not stop to consider the etiquette of the situation. He was resolved to accost this man. He would have done the same wherever he had met him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, at the stranger's shoulder, "I believe you were in front to-night in the stalls at the Queen's?"

The man turned and faced him. It was not a prepossessing countenance, by any means, that long, cadaverous visage, with the pale, prominent eyes, and lank, sandy hair. The moonlight made it look more than usually cadaverous.

"Yes," he said, "I have been at the Queen's Theatre, this evening. Dear me! you are the lion-tamer, I believe. This is really curious!"

He spoke in a formal, deliberate way, that was strangely irritating to Herr Prusinowski's nerves. These artists—even professors of the lowest arts—are apt to be sensitive.

"You have some kind of business with me, Herr Prusinowski!" the stranger said interrogatively, the lion-tamer standing for the moment staring at him like a newly awakened sleep-walker, utterly lost and helpless.

"I—I wanted to ask you a question," he said abruptly, rousing himself with an effort. "This isn't the first time I've seen you. You took a private box at Manchester five years ago for my benefit."

"I did," replied the stranger. "I congratulate you on the possession of an excellent memory, Mr. Prusinowski. You had a narrow escape that night at Manchester, I imagine. One of your animals turned restive."

"Yes," said the lion-tamer, moodily, "that brute, Robinson, cut up rough. I lost my nerve, and he saw it. It *was* a narrow escape—a disappointment for you, wasn't it?"

"Excuse me, I hardly catch your meaning."

"You thought it was all over with me, didn't you? Come now, I want to know your motive for coming to see me that time—I want to know your motive for coming to see me to-night."

"Motive?" repeated the stranger. "I should suppose the motive must be sufficiently obvious. People generally attend that sort of entertainment, and every sort of entertainment, in search of amusement."

"Other people, perhaps—not you. I know what a man's face means, and I watched yours as close—well, almost as close as you watched me. It wasn't the face of a man that came to be amused."

"You seem to have a peculiar way of looking at things, Mr. Prusinowski," said the stranger, rubbing his bony, close-shaven chin thoughtfully. "However, to be candid with you, I am somewhat interested in lion-taming. I am an idle man, you see. My means enable me to live pretty much as I please and where I please, and a man without occupation in a manner compelled to create an interest for himself in things outside his own life. I am an amateur of wild-beast shows. There was a man called Green—you may have heard of him, perhaps. I saw that man Green perform seventeen consecutive times. I was peculiarly interested in him."

"Yes," said Prusinowski, "I know all about Green. He was killed—killed by a tiger that he'd made a good deal of money out of."

"He was," answered the stranger. "I saw it."

Herr Prusinowski shuddered.

"I thought so," he said; "I thought as much. You've tasted blood."

"Upon my honor, that is a very unpleasant way of putting it," replied the stranger. "I look at these things entirely from an artistic point of view. I have heard it asserted that men of your profession always do meet with some fatal accident sooner or later. Since you push me so closely, I am bound to admit that has formed one element of interest for me in this kind of performance. I can understand the delight of the Roman people, from the emperor down to the humblest freedman, in their gladiatorial shows. I have a somewhat classical turn of mind, perhaps, and am proud to acknowledge a taste which connects me with the classic age."

"I don't understand half that palaver," said Herr Prusinowski rudely; "but I trust in God I may never see your face again."

"Really, now! but why?"

"Because you are a cold-blooded scoundrel, and you would like to see me killed."

"My dear Mr. Prusinowski, that is a style of language which, if I were an ill-tempered man, I might resent. Happily, I am not an ill-tempered man; so let it pass. You have no right to remark that I should like to see you killed by one of those brutes of yours. But if you *are* destined to meet your death in that manner, which it is to be hoped you are not, I freely admit that I should wish to be a spectator of the catastrophe. It would not make the smallest difference to you, and it would be highly interesting to me. Is this your way? No? In that case, good-night."

He lifted his hat ceremoniously, and departed toward the patch of moonlit water at the end of the street, leaving the lion-tamer standing on the pavement, transfixed and brooding.

He was just as far as he had imagined—the man was an amateur of sudden death.

The supper at the Lion and Lamb public-house—a snug little hostelry five doors from the theatre, and much affected by the actors—was a gastronomic success, but not a social one. The fare was excellent. The giver of the feast ordered liquors on a liberal scale, and the cadaverous wrinkles disappeared with a celerity cheering to witness. Yet the banquet was not a cheerful one. Nothing could rouse Prusinowski from the gloom that had fallen upon him. The actors did their utmost to beguile him into gayety, with boisterous talk and laughter, racy anecdotes, and an unlimited amount of that humorous converse commonly known as "chaff," to which the theatrical mind is especially prone; but all their efforts failed. Once or twice he did make some faint show of rallying—gave a smart answer or two, threw a lobster claw at the tragic and dignified Fitz Raymond, when that great artist was engaged in argument, and pushed a stick of celery down the coat-collar of the absent-minded De la Zouche. But these were the feebleat efforts of gayety, and by degrees the talk fell flat, and the revels, which under happier auspices would have lasted far into the summer dawning, broke up abruptly at a quarter past two.

Mr. Warbeck, the prompter, walked home with Tiddikins and De la Zouche, and told them what had happened after the fall of the curtain.

"Prusinowski's a good fellow as ever breathed," he said, in conclusion, being thoroughly warmed through with gin and water. "If he was my own brother I couldn't like him better than I do. But I'm afraid there's something queer hereabouts."

He tapped his forehead significantly.

"A loose slate," said Mr. Tiddikins.

"A bee in his bonnet," said Mr. de la Zouche.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Trapper's Encounter with a Panther.

Dave Mosher, a trapper and guide in the North Woods, had a terrific encounter with a North Woods beast last week. Three miles from Sacondaga Lake there is a wild, rugged pass, between the mountains, known as the Black Cat Valley. The mountains on either side are very steep and rocky, and are covered with a heavy growth of black balsam and spruce timber. As the snows deepen and the weather becomes cold, many deer and animals take shelter in that locality, among them are the rock martin, having a valuable dark-colored fur known among trappers in those regions as "Black Cat." They seldom move by day, keeping concealed in trunks of trees or between the fissures of rocks. Owing to the uncertainty of finding one twice in a place, and their natural shyness, it is quite difficult to trap them. However, when they become pinched with hunger they will jump at the bait without hesitation. A keen, strong steel trap is set and covered with snow or leaves, directly under a drooping branch that the animal can reach by rearing; upon this is secured the bait, and in the effort to reach which it is pretty apt to step in the trap. Then comes a system of desperate manœuvers, and the only way to hold them is by having the trap chain attached to a small sapling that will spring and lift them off the ground. This sleek, fine furred animal is about the size of a red fox, and, as David used to express it:—"They're a sassy varmint to get holt on." As Mosher was going the rounds of his traps last week, Wednesday, he saw through the bushes ahead a terrible commotion under a large white birch, where a trap had been set. As he approached a long, gaunt, tawny-colored, fierce-looking animal, whose wild scream upon the mountain side at night will send a thrill of horror to those who are safe in the cabin, sprang upon a lower limb of the birch and bade defiance with gazing eyes. It was driven to desperation by hunger. Had David quietly backed out he could have enjoyed his supper of venison and pancakes. But no, he raised the old rifle and fired. In one-fourth of a York minute, Bill Stevens's exact time for skinning a Montezuma bullhead, all the clothes upon him would not have made a bib for a china doll. He directly found himself beside a log, partly scalped, with his lower limbs looking as though he had been through a threshing machine, while at the same moment, with a spit and a scream, a panther disappeared up the mountain side. When he came up, the panther was engaged in killing and devouring a marten which was caught in the trap, and his hunger being partly appeased was the means of the trapper crawling off with his life.—*Auburn, N. Y., Advertiser, Dec. 25th.*

NEW PLAYS AT THE LONDON, ENG., THEATRES.

"LE REVEILLON."

The above named three-act comedy, which was first played at the Palais Royal, Paris, France, in September last, was produced for the first time in London, Eng., at the Royalty Theatre, on Dec. 28th, and has achieved success.

The first act opens in the house of M. Gaillardin, of Pincourt-Les-Bonnets, a country gentleman, with an uncommonly pretty wife, who is persecuted by the attentions of a violinist, who has given her lessons in music before her marriage, and who has conceived a violent passion for her. We hear Alfred, the musician, playing a favorite lancers underneath the window of Madame, who is in agony lest her husband should discover her secret. Presently M. Gaillardin returns, and we learn that he has been sentenced to eight days' imprisonment by the rural justice of the peace for having insulted the garde champetre. In a most amusing soliloquy Gaillardin describes the conduct of the local magistrate, who had hitherto been on intimate terms with him, and then, unexpectedly, enters, and invites Gaillardin to supper at the hunting-box of a Russian Prince Termonioff, and he accepts it, intending to give himself up to justice in the morning. To the astonishment of his wife he starts, as she imagines, for the prison in evening costume and, considering the circumstances, appears wonderfully gay. Madame, however, has no time to think about it, for Alfred, the musician, gains an entrance to the house, and tries his utmost, in a truly French scene, to undermine the young wife's loyalty. They are interrupted by the arrival of M. Tourillon, the director of the prison, with his officer, Leopold, to arrest Gaillardin. In this dilemma the wife, to avoid scandal, suggests to Alfred first escape, which is impracticable; then disguise, which latter alternative is adopted; and he, instead of the husband, is hurried off to prison. The 2d act takes place in the elegant country retreat of the Prince Termontoff, where Gaillardin is introduced as the Marquis Valangoujar; while, to complicate matters, we also find the prison director masquerading as the Count Villebourgis. A scene of boisterous revelry takes place, occupying the entire act. The prince is a fast young gentleman, and a number of handsome ladies take part in his orgies who have no reputation to lose. The fun is a little broad, according to our insular notions, especially when the company falls embracing each other in the most extravagant manner. A quadrille is proposed to wind up the festivities, and the dancing is proceeding with frantic hilarity when Gaillardin suddenly remembers that he is bound to give himself up to justice, and, half intoxicated, rushes away. The prison-director also takes his leave at the same time, and in the 3d act we find him attending to his duties, being greatly astonished to receive a visit from his late companion, the pretended Marquis. An explanation ensues, and both confess who they really are, but the husband hears with horror of Alfred being arrested in his wife's company. Alfred has sent in the meantime for Bidard, an advocate and friend of Gaillardin, who, when he arrives, insists upon donning his robe and having an interview with the prisoner. This scene proves intensely comic, but is far more suggestive than need be—though positively not so according to Parisian ideas. The husband, however, in Alfred, who has taken the place of Gaillardin, had been arrested immediately after entering the house, and the prince and others of the party come to the prison and persuade Gaillardin that the whole affair was merely a practical joke. The husband's reunion to the wife is a most affectionate wife, firmly convinced of her honor. He then makes an appeal to the audience on behalf of himself and the play, which is received in the most flattering manner.

"HOW I FOUND CRUSOE."

This is the title of a farce produced at the Olympic on the evening of the 28th ult., written by Mr. Alfred Thompson, to whom the profession is indebted for some of the most chaste and elegant designs in the way of costume that have ever been seen on the stage. It is apparently the supplement of "How I Found Livingstone," Mr. Stanley's vagaries having evidently suggested the exercise of the author's wit.

We are first introduced to a hotel at Geneva. The arbitration concerning the Alabama claims is progressing, and Gustavus Adolphus Swagg, correspondent of the *Early Academy*, is eagerly awaiting the verdict, killing time by singing a ditty descriptive of the labors of a special correspondent, set to very pretty music by Offenbach. Wherever he goes he hears the tinkle of the electric bell, the said bell affording an opportunity for a capital imitation of Mr. Irving in the famous dream drama. Here he makes the acquaintance of Sir Digby Cataline, an M. P., much bored by an elderly spinster, decidedly "blue," and suggestively named Miss Minerva Brooks. He also encounters a "cute" Yankee, Salamon Caucus, and a very merry Swiss girl, who joins him in a remarkably lively and tuneful duet. A conversation between Cataline and Caucus leads to the mention of Alexander Selkirk, Selkirk, of course, suggests Crusoe, and Sir Digby, anxious to escape the attentions of the above-named bluestocking, emphatically declares that, did he know where Crusoe's island stood, he would be off at once. This, it may be guessed, leads to a burlesque on the now famous episode in the history of the enterprising Mr. Bennett and the adventurous Mr. Stanley. The "special" is "wired" for, and the following amusing conversation ensues:—Cataline.—"Tell me, sir, do you believe Crusoe is dead?" Swagg.—"Mr. Robinson Crusoe? Why, he was snuffed out by the Geographical Society ages ago." Cat.—"Could you find Crusoe?" Swagg.—"If he's to be found, he must be found." Cat.—"Well, draw upon my banker for £20,000; and when that's done draw again on both sides, and if that's not enough draw for another crown, and another after that!" After an amusing "catch," written by Miss Virginia Gabriel, and sung by Miss Lydia Thompson, the verdict of the arbitrators is announced, and a host of pretty torpedoes come trooping in. With these imagination carries on a brisk and entertaining conversation, being accused in turn of causing "the valley" or telling the heart that they are lords of creation, and of being the heartless soul of all sensation. Imagination very ably defends herself, claiming that she paints the poet's page, guides to bright harmonies the orchestra's hand, and weaves the sweetest dreams in music's brain. Swagg now prepares for his journey, and here we get a very sprightly chorus, "Position d'Amour," led by Miss Emma Chambers (the merry Swiss girl). The second scene brings us to the Grey Mare's Nest, near Crusopolis, where Miss Chambers again—here reigns supreme, her cabinet council comprising a host of beauties attired in perfectly bewitching costumes. Miss Chambers sings a humorous "stump speech, relating their misadventures, and dwelling in indignant tones on the effrontery of the chief of the island, Friday, in offering to make her his queen. Swagg returns from the wars, and Robinson Crusoe, his prisoner, being released, satirizes, in very droll style, the nuisances and follies with which this land of liberty is overburdened, his parrot performing the part of prompter in a very diverting manner. Swagg, dressed as a Highland fling, is Sunday, we have an amusing burlesque of the "Doctor Livingstone, presume" episode; and as Crusoe suggests that the populace wants amusement, Imagination, who has accompanied the "special," offers to bring on the Christy Minstrels, and upon donning his robe and having an interview with the prisoner. This scene proves intensely comic, but is far more suggestive than need be—though positively not so according to Parisian ideas. The husband, however, in Alfred, who has taken the place of Gaillardin, had been arrested immediately after entering the house, and the prince and others of the party come to the prison and persuade Gaillardin that the whole affair was merely a practical joke. The husband's reunion to the wife is a most affectionate wife, firmly convinced of her honor. He then makes an appeal to the audience on behalf of himself and the play, which is received in the most flattering manner.

"A DODGE FOR A DINNER."

A new farce, bearing the above title, was produced at the Strand on Dec. 28th, the author being Mr. T. A. Palmer.

Two young gentlemen, named Tom Hopkins and Peter Hatman, the former of whom is stated in the sequel to have previously met Jenny, a country innkeeper's daughter, find themselves at her father's house when mother and son are out. Their scheme for satisfying their hunger is entrusted entirely to Tom Hopkins, who, under the different pretences of being related to the absent Mr. Prusinowski, that is a style of language which, if I were an ill-tempered man, I might resent. Happily, I am not an ill-tempered man; so let it pass. You have no right to remark that I should like to see you killed by one of those brutes of yours. But if you *are* destined to meet your death in that manner, which it is to be hoped you are not, I freely admit that I should wish to be a spectator of the catastrophe. It would not make the smallest difference to you, and it would be highly interesting to me. Is this your way? No? In that case, good-night."

He lifted his hat ceremoniously, and departed toward the patch of moonlit water at the end of the street, leaving the lion-tamer standing on the pavement, transfixed and brooding.

He was just as far as he had imagined—the man was an amateur of sudden death.

The supper at the Lion and Lamb public-house—a snug little hostelry five doors from the theatre, and much affected by the actors—was a gastronomic success, but not a social one. The fare was excellent. The giver of the feast ordered liquors on a liberal scale, and the cadaverous wrinkles disappeared with a celerity cheering to witness. Yet the banquet was not a cheerful one. Nothing could rouse Prusinowski from the gloom that had fallen upon him. The actors did their utmost to beguile him into gayety, with boisterous talk and laughter, racy anecdotes, and an unlimited amount of that humorous converse commonly known as "chaff," to which the theatrical mind is especially prone; but all their efforts failed. Once or twice he did make some faint show of rallying—gave a smart answer or two, threw a lobster claw at the tragic and dignified Fitz Raymond, when that great artist was engaged in argument, and pushed a stick of celery down the coat-collar of the absent-minded De la Zouche. But these were the feebleat efforts of gayety, and by degrees the talk fell flat, and the revels, which under happier auspices would have lasted far into the summer dawning, broke up abruptly at a quarter past two.

Mr. Warbeck, the prompter, walked home with Tiddikins and De la Zouche, and told them what had happened after the fall of the curtain.

"Prusinowski's a good fellow as ever breathed," he said, in conclusion, being thoroughly warmed through with gin and water. "If he was my own brother I couldn't like him better than I do. But I'm afraid there's something queer hereabouts."

He tapped his forehead significantly.

"A loose slate," said Mr. Tiddikins.

"A bee in his bonnet," said Mr. de la Zouche.

CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A Trapper's Encounter with a Panther.

Dave Mosher, a trapper and guide in the North Woods, had a terrific encounter with a North Woods beast last week. Three miles from Sacondaga Lake there is a wild, rugged pass, between the mountains, known as the Black Cat Valley. The mountains on either side are very steep and rocky, and are covered with a heavy growth of black balsam and spruce timber. As the snows deepen and the weather becomes cold, many deer and animals take shelter in that locality, among them are the rock martin, having a valuable dark-colored fur known among trappers in those regions as "Black Cat." They seldom move by day, keeping concealed in trunks of trees or between the fissures of rocks. Owing to the uncertainty of finding one twice in a place, and their natural shyness, it is quite difficult to trap them. However, when they become pinched with hunger they will jump at the bait without hesitation. A keen, strong steel trap is set and covered with snow or leaves, directly under a drooping branch that the animal can reach by rearing; upon this is secured the bait, and in the effort to reach which it is pretty apt to step in the trap. Then comes a system of desperate manœuvers, and the only way to hold them is by having the trap chain attached to a small sapling that will spring and lift them off the ground. This sleek, fine furred animal is about the size of a red fox, and, as David used to express it:—"They're a sassy varmint to get holt on." As Mosher was going the rounds of his traps last week, Wednesday, he saw through the bushes ahead a terrible commotion under a large white birch, where a trap had been set. As he approached a long, gaunt, tawny-colored, fierce-looking animal, whose wild scream upon the mountain side at night will send a thrill of horror to those who are safe in the cabin, sprang upon a lower limb of the birch and bade defiance with gazing eyes. It was driven to desperation by hunger. Had David quietly backed out he could have enjoyed his supper of venison and pancakes. But no, he raised the old rifle and fired. In one-fourth of a York minute, Bill Stevens's exact time for skinning a Montezuma bullhead, all the clothes upon him would not have made a bib for a china doll. He directly found himself beside a log, partly scalped, with his lower limbs looking as though he had been through a threshing machine, while at the same moment, with a spit and a scream, a panther disappeared up the mountain side. When he came up, the panther was engaged in killing and devouring a marten which was caught in the trap, and his hunger being partly appeased was the means of the trapper crawling off with his life.—*Auburn, N. Y., Advertiser, Dec. 25th.*

NEW PLAYS AT THE LONDON, ENG., THEATRES.

"LE REVEILLON."

The above named three-act comedy, which was first played at the Palais Royal, Paris, France, in September last, was produced for the first time in London, Eng., at the Royalty Theatre, on Dec. 28th, and has achieved success.

The first act opens in the house of M. Gaillardin, of Pincourt-Les-Bonnets, a country gentleman, with an uncommonly pretty wife, who is persecuted by the attentions of a violinist, who has given her lessons in music before her marriage, and who has conceived a violent passion for her. We hear Alfred, the musician, playing a favorite lancers underneath the window of Madame, who is in agony lest her husband should discover her secret. Presently M. Gaillardin returns, and we learn that he has been sentenced to eight days' imprisonment by the rural justice of the peace for having insulted the garde champetre. In a most amusing soliloquy Gaillardin describes the conduct of the local magistrate, who had hitherto been on intimate terms with him, and then, unexpectedly, enters, and invites Gaillardin to supper at the hunting-box of a Russian Prince Termonioff, and he accepts it, intending to give himself up to justice in the morning. To the astonishment of his wife he starts, as she imagines, for the prison in evening costume and, considering the circumstances, appears wonderfully gay. Madame, however, has no time to think about it, for Alfred, the musician, gains an entrance to the house, and tries his utmost, in a truly French scene, to undermine the young wife's loyalty. They are interrupted by the arrival of M. Tourillon, the director of the prison, with his officer, Leopold, to arrest Gaillardin. In this dilemma the wife, to avoid scandal, suggests to Alfred first escape, which is impracticable; then disguise, which latter alternative is adopted; and he, instead of the husband, is hurried off to prison. The 2d act takes place in the elegant country retreat of the Prince Termontoff, where Gaillardin is introduced as the Marquis Valangoujar; while, to complicate matters, we also find the prison director masquerading as the Count Villebourgis. A scene of boisterous revelry takes place, occupying the entire act. The prince is a fast young gentleman, and a number of handsome ladies take part in his orgies who have no reputation to lose. The fun is a little broad, according to our insular notions, especially when the company falls embracing each other in the most extravagant manner. A quadrille is proposed to wind up the festivities, and the dancing is proceeding with frantic hilarity when Gaillardin suddenly remembers that he is bound to give himself up to justice, and, half intoxicated, rushes away. The prison-director also takes his leave at the same time, and in the 3d act we find him attending to his duties, being greatly astonished to receive a visit from his late companion, the pretended Marquis. An explanation ensues, and both confess who they really are, but the husband hears with horror of Alf

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

THE GIRL FOR A MAN'S MONEY.

He love in a cottage, I thank you, for me;
The cottager I somewhere else first would see!
I'm fully convinced 'tis a very bad plan
To throw one's affections away on a man.
Can't fancy the husband for whom I could care;
But I must be the bride of an old millionaire.

I never could marry a hard-working lad,
His fortune to make by his labor who had;
I won't have a fellow who cannot supply
The dress that I never myself will deny.
The man who weds me, no expense he must spare,
So I must be the bride of an old millionaire.

O, horrid existence, shut up in a box,
To mend little trowsers and darn little socks,
Help wash, cook and bake, and make puddings and pies,
And then be hard up when the needy man dies!
Of such a misfortune I mean to beware,
For I must be the bride of an old millionaire.

An old millionaire is so wrinkled and grey,
He's sure very soon to pop out of the way.
Her settlement, then, his blest widow enjoys,
Without any girls to provide for, or boys.
Oh, they'd be a burden I never could bear!
I needs must be the bride of an old millionaire.

"BEAUTY BUT SKIN DEEP."
A White Man's Infatuation for a Black Woman.

Beauty is said to be only skin deep, at least such is the opinion of Henry Walker, a white-skinned German, who during the past year has paid constant court to one of the most depraved and repulsive-looking negro women in existence. The early life of both the parties interested in this most remarkable case is hidden in the obscurity to which it justly belongs. The parties are well known to the police of this city, and also to the several Justices, they having gained some notoriety during the past year in sundry and various minor crimes and peccadillos. "Burnt-Faced Mary" is a coal-black negro woman of most hideous appearance. Her face upon one side is burnt away, and one eye is horribly mutilated. She is about forty years of age, and is depraved in habit and instinct. This creature has by some means infatuated a rather decent-looking German laborer of about thirty years of age, who, through good and evil fortune, has followed the negro woman for the past year, and is even now seen daily waiting patiently outside the prison which contains the beloved form of the hideous, loathsome creature he loves above all the world beside.

Last summer this couple created considerable sensation by a pilgrimage they made through the several Justices' courts in this city in the vain endeavor to be united in marriage. But their amalgamating tastes met with a severe snubbing, inasmuch as no justice of the peace in Kansas City would unite a white man to such an egre-like African. This ill-assorted couple walked across the state line to Wyandotte, and it is said that they failed to be married for the want of a fee to pay to the "powers that be." But be that as it may, they returned to West Kansas City, and Mary Kinney, *alias* "Burnt-Faced Mary," kept open shanty on Santa Fe street, where a constant course of crime and low debauchery was kept up, the white-skinned man Walker living with the negro as her husband. In one of the midnight riots at this shanty two policemen were badly injured by Mary, who cleaned out a crowd by a charge with a pistol and a flat iron. In a later fight she attacked a neighbor—a white woman—with a hatchet, and would undoubtedly have made sausage-meat of the object of her wrath had she not been overpowered and arrested. It is for this last little frolic of hers that she now lies in the county jail awaiting trial for "an assault with intent to kill."

But even now, when in trouble, separated by prison bars and thick stone walls, the German lover forsakes not the loathsome object of his love. Day after day he toils for her and her two coal-black children. He waits with the patience of a spaniel for permission to see her through her prison bars, crying and moaning because she is not free.

The following letter, sent to her by him yesterday, shows how deeply he is fascinated:—

KANS. CITY, MO. Jan the 6 1873.

MY DEAR MARY. I write you this Letter, after reslving your kind and most wellcome letter a few days a go, and i found that your haelth is very poor but i hope you will recover soon then you are after right on your Day (Trial,) and i got your party against you not to apear on you Court and the alle say that you will get free by Dryls so Mary you Shild is well and i am gan to go to see Alles puty soon so heer i sent you my picture and i Shall sent you Lieaties next time. and i am Do Alle i can for you May Doo you same good i am very well at presens and if my hand writing shut come to hand i hope it find you in the best Stayt of haelth So Dear Mary take it in good spiret and god will see you saevel. then god for give them then wouch conset themselfs in Sickniss So i remain yours Ever Dear loving J HENRY WALKER

pleas sent me out you Waching

It will be seen from the above that the white man, ignorant as he is, is still hopeful of being united once more to his black mistress, for whom he braves the contempt and abuse of his own and the entire black race. It would be no loss, either to himself or to the world, if he should awake some morning without any breath, and with his baggage checked for "the other side."—*Kansas City Times, Jan. 7th.*

LOVE AND LUCRE.
Courtship, Generosity, Marriage, Restitution and a Hot Tar-Bath.

Thomas Sanchez some time ago met Maria McManus. Her comeliness of person, engaging manner and sprightly conversation pleased him, and he sought to make her better acquaintance. Thomas sought successfully; and the more he saw of Maria the better he liked her. He became fascinated with her charms, laid siege to her affections, declared his love, and the fair Maria, flattered and bewitched by his devotion, yielded to his suit and promised to become Mrs. Thomas Sanchez. They became, of course, quite intimate, and during the halcyon days of this sweet intimacy Thomas from time to time loaned money to his dulcinea. The coin thus given amounted in the course of time to $220. At length, however, either through fickleness of heart or the closer acquaintance having revealed imperfections not at first discernible, Thomas' love began to wane, and when it had fallen to a point considerably below zero he sought to withdraw from his engagement. After a somewhat protracted negotiation, Maria finally consented to the annulment of the marriage contract, with the stipulation that she should be released from all obligations to pay back the money she had borrowed of her whilom lover. To this Thomas consented and the deed was done.

Some time afterward, however, Maria met with one Jas. W. Mallatratt, who also became enamored of her, and in time persuaded her to accept him as her life-long partner. Their pretty tale of courtship and subsequent engagement was duly wafted to the ears of the solitary Thomas, and it filled him with a desire to become possessed of the money he had loaned the fickle Maria. Thomas, therefore, hied him to her dwelling and attempted to induce her to return the $220. Maria failed to perceive the propriety of such a proceeding, and peremptorily ordered him to leave the house, summoning her mother and a maiden aunt to her assistance. Those worthy females were duly acquainted with the nature of his extraordinary demand, and joined with Maria in requesting him to vacate the premises. Thomas deemed it advisable to withdraw, but not without soundly berating the mother and aunt for their interference. His remarks so exasperated the worthy women that they followed him to the street, and, seizing a bucket of hot tar, which was being used by some workmen, threw it over his new clothes. Thomas, fearing further injury, flew home, where he rid himself of his clogging clothes. Feeling certain that further demands would be fruitless, Thomas commenced suit in the justices' court against Maria and James W. Mallatratt, whom she had married in the meantime, for the recovery of the money. This proceeding rather startled the newly-formed couple, and, sooner than have the circumstances herein detailed become known, they paid the persistent Thomas $220, and the suit was dismissed.—*San Francisco, Cal., Chronicle, Jan. 9th.*

A BIT OF ROMANCE.

About a month ago Chief of Police Dickson, of Jersey City, received a circular from Concord, New Hampshire, offering a reward of $200 for the arrest of George Sherburn and Josephine Drew, who, it was stated, had eloped from Concord. Photographs of both parties were forwarded, and it was stated that the girl, whose face was young and beautiful, was 15 years of age, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of Fisherville, near Concord. Sherburn was described as a married man, 28 years of age, and it was stated that he left a wife and two children at Concord. Nothing was seen in Jersey City of the pair thus described until a reporter, learning subsequently of a sudden and mysterious death at a boarding-house kept by a Mrs. Hendrickson, in Hudson street, went there and saw a man whom he believed to be Sherburn. It appears that on the 3d of December a man with a young girl, whom he represented as his wife, engaged board at Mrs. Hendrickson's and came on the same day with their baggage. Within two weeks the young lady became suddenly very ill, and died shortly after. The cause of her death was represented as typhoid fever, and no inquest was held. Sherburn disappeared soon afterward, and until the 13th inst. he escaped arrest. At 10.30 o'clock he arrived at Jersey City on the Philadelphia train, and Capt. McHomey, having learned by some means that he was coming, arrested him and took him into custody. At the police-station he behaved with the utmost coolness, did not deny his name, and took his place in the cell without a murmur. On Jan. 16th he was handed over to the police authorities at Concord, and taken to the station-house, followed by a large crowd of persons, who had been awaiting his arrival at the depot. On leaving the police-station for the jail, Mr. Drew, the father of the girl, struck the prisoner violently in the face and kicked him. Several other persons beat him severely, and it was with difficulty that the officers rescued him from the angry crowd. Being arraigned on a charge of adultery, on the afternoon of Jan. 17th, he pleaded guilty and was held in bail to the amount of $2,000, to answer at the April term of the supreme court.

AN ELOPEMENT FRUSTRATED.—SAID SHE'D SHOOT AND SHE DID SHOOT.—A young man, whose name did not transpire, wooed and won the affections of a Miss Price, daughter of Mrs. Chapman Price, a resident of Craig, Va. The parents of the young lady bitterly opposed her marrying the youth in question, because of his dissipated habits. But opposition only added fuel to the flame, and confirmed the maiden in her determination to cling to her lover through thick and thin. Learning a few days ago that Mr. Price would be from home, he procured a buggy and went to his residence to elope with his daughter to West Virginia, to be married. His affianced was ready and willing to go with him, but the mother set her foot firmly down and vowed that he should not take the girl from the house, at the same time pointing to the gun and telling him that if he attempted to carry her off she would shoot him. Treating these as the idle threats of a woman, the lovers continued their preparations for departure. All things being ready, they proceeded to the buggy, the young lady was handed in, the youth had taken his seat by her side, and was in the act of driving off when Mrs. Price cut short the whole proceeding by shooting the youth with the gun above mentioned. The physician who dressed his wound pronounces his recovery extremely doubtful, if not impossible.

THE BRIDE OF AN HOUR.—Judge Dwinelle, of San Francisco, Cal., has settled an abstruse question and clearly defined, to a delicate shade, what in law is meant by the term marriage. In June, 1870, Antonio Lawrence led to the altar a blushing bride in that city. For some unexplained reason he incontinently left her a few hours after the ceremony, fled the city, and has never returned. His young wife, after the first burst of astonishment, mortification and grief had passed away, settled down into a course of patient waiting and hoping for the return of her recreant lover. But six months passed away and he came not, and no tidings of him reached her, she reluctantly came to the conclusion that he had deserted her and never meant to return, and upon the advice of her friends she applied for a divorce. After hearing the testimony and considering the case, Judge Dwinelle filed a written decision, in which he says:—"The plaintiff and defendant intermarried at San Francisco, June 4th, 1870, on which day the defendant wilfully deserted and abandoned the plaintiff, and never returned to her, which desertion and abandonment continued for more than two years, and, in fact, in view of the supposed object of marriage, it was never consummated, in defiance of cohabitation."

LOVE AND SUICIDE.—Between twelve and one o'clock on the morning of Jan. 10th, a Philadelphia policeman found a nicely-dressed young man lying upon the sidewalk on Willow street, that city. Upon making an examination he found that the prostrate man was suffering from a pistol-shot wound in the stomach. He had the injured man conveyed to the Seventh District police-station, and a physician summoned. The latter, upon examining the wound, pronounced the case hopeless. The affair at first was supposed to be a mysterious murder, but the dying man recovered sufficiently to make a statement, and the case turned out to be one of self-destruction. After lingering for about an hour he died. The suicide was a native of Scotland, named William Arnold; was twenty-two years of age, and resided in the neighborhood of Seventeenth and Coates streets. Disappointed love was the cause of the act. He stated that he had fallen in love with a young girl belonging to Reading, Pa., and that on Jan. 9th he received an intimation that she didn't want to have anything to do with him. The matter preyed on his mind, he took to drinking to drown his sorrow, which brought on more misery, and he closed his troubles by putting an end to his life. The body was removed to the morgue to await a coroner's inquest.

A WIFE TURNS CYPRIAN.—There was a pitiable attempt at reconciliation between husband and wife, last evening, in Captain Huebler's office, at the Four Courts. Nathan Barlow, an *attache* of Sumner's sewing-machine agency, besought the aid of the police in finding his wife of two months, who had been missing since Saturday. They found her in an assignation house near the corner of Ninth and Olive streets, and poor Nathan, with a spirit of forgiveness inexplicable under the circumstances, went down on his knees to get the wayward beauty to go to the home of her father, in Edwardsville, Illinois, or to their own home on the Grand avenue. Tears and sobs had little effect, and the young man, having extracted a promise of a meeting at the Western House this afternoon, went away in deep sorrow. The girl waited ten or fifteen minutes and then, bidding the sergeant a cheery good-night, went out on the street with a jaunty, self-possessed air.—*St. Louis, Mo., Times, Jan. 14th.*

SOCIAL EVIL HOSPITAL.—Whatever may prove the final result of the present system of dealing with the social evil in St. Louis, Mo., there can be no question that the accommodations furnished by the existing hospital are quite inadequate. The house, notwithstanding its enlargement and the efforts to adapt it to the purpose for which it is designed, is much too small, and it is therefore proposed to erect an additional building, or rather to build a new hospital on the grounds, which shall be adequate to all requirements for some time to come. The inmds now in the possession of the city, which are derived from the social evil licenses, and are constantly increasing, are already ample for the purpose, and steps will be at once taken to carry it into effect.

A TERRIBLE OUTRAGE was perpetrated at Milo, Me., on New Year's eve, by three roughs, who assaulted a young girl about fifteen years of age, by forcing her to inhale chloroform until she was insensible. They afterward took her to an unoccupied building, where they committed a horrible outrage on her person. After accomplishing their infernal purpose leaving her still insensible, one of them went away. Upon her regaining consciousness she made her way home, when it was discovered that her hands and feet were badly frozen by the intense cold.

BAD FOR JOSH.—Joshua Green, a negro barber of Jersey City, was arrested charged with an indecent assault on Lucetta Curtiss, a white woman, living with another negro as his wife. When the case was called up on the 14th, the woman was too drunk to testify.

A YOUNG LADY at a recent fashionable church wedding seated herself on the back of a pew for better observation, but seriously interrupted the ceremony by an involuntary somersault and attempt to stand on her head in the pew just behind.

BASE BALL.

THE PLAYERS OF 1872.
THE BASEMEN.—CONTINUED.

Among the second-basemen not referred to in our last article was Hatfield, of the Mutual nine of 1872, a player who only lacks certain important essentials to be a model member of the fraternity, for he is a natural-born ball-player. The champion thrower of the world, we may say—for there is no ball-player in America or cricketer in England who can equal him in throwing the ball—a sure catcher, a fine fielder and strong batsman, he possesses the fielding skill to excel either in the in-field or out-field. But he lacks, among other requisites, control of temper, also nerve in critical positions, and especially is he deficient in those qualifications which are requisite for an able general of a field or the captain of a nine, both of which positions he filled last season. His weakness as a professional in other respects was so plainly manifested in the series of contests which took place during the "prize" tourney in October that further reference to the matter is unnecessary.

Sweasy, of the Cleveland nine of 1872, once the best of second-base players, did not have much chance to distinguish himself last season. We have not heard of his being engaged for 1873, but he will probably run in to a club near his home in Newark. He is a fine player when in good physical training, which he has not been in since 1869.

Bevens essayed to play at second base in the Atlantic nine of 1872, but he was very unlucky there.

Among the second-basemen who entered the professional arena in 1872 were Lowe, of the Atlantic nine, and Jas. Hall, of the same club, who both played at times very effectively. The latter had to withdraw, owing to a severe injury to his leg, which was sustained in a match-game. He is a very fine young player, and noted for his gentlemanly deportment.

We now come to the third-basemen of 1872, and without any hesitation we award the palm of superiority to Ferguson, of the Atlantic nine. It should be borne in mind, in reference to the important points of play which occur at third base, that while errors at the other two bases involve only a "life" given at the base, or a base gained by the error, at third base not only are both these points lost to the field, in addition, a run is scored, thereby the loss of the game frequently insured. Not only, therefore, are the fielding duties of the position more difficult than at either second or first base, but the responsibility for errors committed is greater. Hence it is that a third baseman should be more than ordinary skill, not only in the speed and accuracy of his throwing, in his pluck of facing hard-hit balls, and his nerve and coolness in promptly seeing the situation and taking quick advantage of it, but also in his possessing more judgment than is essential in either of the other base-positions. In the possession of more of these essentials than his *confreres* was it that Ferguson excelled last season, his fielding at times being models of exhibitions of third-base play. In contrast to the square, manly style displayed by Ferguson in 1872 may be named the tricks resorted to at times by others, striking instances of which were shown in the Boston and Athletic matches in Philadelphia. "Anything to win" may do as a rule governing a nine amenable only to "ring" government or pool-selling influences, but it is not to be found in the code of an honorably managed organization, nor is it ever followed by a truly honorable and manly ball-tosser. Of course we do not refer to the fact of taking advantage of any of the legitimate points of play involved in a strategic trial of skill in a game, but only to such palpably unfair play as is shown when a fielder wilfully stops a base-runner on *route* to a base, or by any such unfair trick manages to get him put out. Unluckily, there were so many professionals who last season violated the express rule of the Professional Association against making bets on games they played in, that in their eagerness to win their money they indulged in a style of play they would not have done had they been playing solely for the credit of winning an honorable victory. It is in this very influence that the pool-selling business exerts such a damaging effect on the best interests of professionals, for the nine, knowing that just such an amount of money is pending their success or failure in a match, naturally use every means offered to them to win the money, and when individual players themselves are interested to a certain amount, it is next to impossible to avoid unfair play of some kind or another being resorted to, even if actual fraud is not committed.

Of Anson's ability as a "playist," aside from his questionable record in regard to tricky dodges to put opponents out, we have to state that he ranks as high as the majority in his general play in the position. Sutton, of the Cleveland nine, while possessing a creditable record as a square player, who scorns to resort to anything not strictly fair, is also an A No. 1 third-baseman, and in a well-disciplined nine would have no superior in the position. In fact, for several seasons he has ranked among the first in the country.

One of the most effective, active and plucky players last season was Force, of the Troy and Baltimore nines, this tough little player's great point being in covering a large space of ground, and in generally playing up to the highest mark, while, as a reliable player, his services were valuable in both the clubs he played.

Schaffer, of the Boston nine, another good and reliable player, did excellent service in the Boston nine, his record being better than in 1871. Schaffer is good in the utility business, and is a worthy member of a worthy nine.

Boyd, of the Mutuals, showed some very good play in the position in a majority of the games he played in in the Mutual nine of 1872, and under an able captain would have done far better. He is a strong and square player.

Fulmer, also of the Mutual nine of 1872, did service during the latter part of the season, though a lameness interfered materially with his fielding success. He is to be commended for his strict temperance and his quiet deportment, and for his earnest efforts to give faithful service.

Bellan filled the position for the Troy nine acceptably for a period, but he apparently did not play up to his previous mark.

A NICE, QUIET PLACE TO LIVE IN.—Here are just a few of the diversions indulged in last year in Chicago. A jealous negro cutting his wife's throat, an Italian bar-keeper killing two men in a blind access of rage because a third didn't pay for his drinks, a jealous husband pouring boiling coffee down his wife's throat, a rough who listened while a policeman read a warrant for his arrest and then blew out the policeman's brains, two policemen who winged a runaway prisoner at forty yards, a drunken boy who shot and killed a printer that went to see if he had hurt himself by his fall, a gang of rowdies who insulted an old man's daughter and stabbed him when he remonstrated, and a boy of fourteen, who while in company with a mob of companions, from ten to seventeen years of age, snowballs a peaceable citizen going home, and when his companion resents the assault, kills him with a knife. No account of knifings and pistolings in brothels, shootings by burglars who found the house-keeper awake, robberies on public streets at noonday at the pistol's muzzle, and the like.

HUMAN ALLIGATORS.—Three singular children, said to be on exhibition at the Savannah Fair, are thus described: The first child has a scaly skin, and when lying down her actions are very similar to those of an alligator. The other two are not distinctly marked, yet are similar in appearance and actions to their sister. They walk with difficulty; their usual style of locomotion is crawling, but when erect they walk upon the tips of their toes. Their natural position is a recumbent one, and in that only are they at ease.

GREYHOUNDS AND THEIR VALUE.—Seventeen hundred and fourteen guineas were realized by the sale of Mr. W. H. Clark's greyhounds, of Howden, Yorkshire, Eng., at a recent sale by auction in London. They consisted of sixty-seven saplings, two running greyhounds, eight first-season dogs, and one brood-slut. One first season greyhound brought one hundred and thirty guineas.

A BARBER in Titusville, while cutting the hair of a rural customer, ran his shears against some hard substance, which proved to be a whetstone. The old farmer said he "had missed that whetstone ever since having time last July, and had looked all over a ten acre lot for it, but now remembered sticking it up over his ear."

THE TURF.

RACING AND TROTTING NOTES.

The Louisiana Jockey Club, although they have abandoned the grand four-mile heat race for a purse of $30,000, still purpose giving a spring meeting this year, when the sum of $16,500 will be given in purses and stakes.....Mr. Charles Backman, of Stoneyford Stud Farm, Orange Co., N. Y., has sold the bay stallion Dauntless, by Eyesticky's Hambletonian, for $2,000, and a weanling by Idol, dam Virgo, by Seely's Abdallah Chief, for $1,000, to Mr. J. M. Walker, of Worcester, Mass.....Jas. Gradwell, the Newmarket jockey, who last year was engaged to ride for the season for Mr. A. Belmont's stable, returning to England at its expiration, was married on the 31st ult. to the daughter of William Ward, the racing official.....Two epizootic influenza is horribly fatal among the jack stock in Kentucky, fully three-fourths in that state having died from its effects. Although the jennies suffered less than the jacks, the mortality among them was greater than among horses.....Mr. M. Salisbury, a carriman and breeder from Salt Lake City, Utah, has purchased of Mr. D. R. Irwin, a five-year-old grey gelding by Middletown, for $1,200; also, at Ellenville, Ulster County, N. Y., the trotting stallion Washington, formerly owned by Senator E. M. Madden, for $700, and a yearling colt by the latter horse for $250.....The California pacing horse Trifle, owned by Mr. J. C. St. John, of San Jose, has been sold to a gentleman in Virginia City, for $700.....Mr. Lon. Morris, of Boston, has leased the Mystic Park Trotting Course, and it was publicly opened on the 18th inst.....Mr. Brown, of Harlem, has been driving his celebrated pacing horse Billy Boyce on the road to a sleigh, and the way he got over the frozen surface of the snow is a caution.....The famous horse Rolla Golddust was recently bought at Mr. Dorsey's sale by Mr. McDaniels, of Hilton, Iowa, for $3,650. He will be trained again this season.....Mr. J. A. Alexander has purchased the following brood-mares of Mr. John J. McKinnon, of Chicago:—Magenta, by imp. Yorkshire, out of Miriam by Glencoe; Queen Victoria by Lexington out of Magenta; Sympathy, by imp. Scythian out of Prunella by Glencoe, and Areoloid by Asteroid out of Ezma by Knight of St. George.....The old "Hero of Chester," Rydick's Hambletonian, was two years old when he got Alexander's Abdallah, the sire of Goldsmith Maid; four years old when he got Volunteer, the sire of Huntress, Abdallah, etc; five years old when he got Edward Everett, the sire of Joe Elliott, Judge Fullerton, etc.; Dexter, when he was eight years old; Bruno when he was eleven; Sentinel when he was twelve; Jay Gould, when he was fourteen; Gazelle and Aberdeen when he was sixteen, and Startle when he was seventeen.....A trotting association, under the name of The Shawnee Driving Park Association, has been formed at Topeka, Kansas; leased the track and grounds of the Agricultural Society for ten years, and appointed Capt. Terry, president; Dr. Hunson, vice-president; George Crane, secretary; and Robert J. Lee, treasurer. This association has already joined the National Trotting Congress.....The trotting horse Brother Jonathan, who was sold a few weeks ago for $12,000, was surprising, when a yearling, for $17.50, afterwards sold for $55, and, when six years old, for $300.....The Canadian Derby closed on the 1st inst. with twenty subscribers—two Canadian hands and the rest American breds. The race will be run at the Barrie Summer Meeting in June next.....It is rumored that the fast young western trotter Flora Bell has been purchased by parties in this city, and will be brought out this season.....The young trotter Castle Boy, while being driven by Mr. Roden, on the 14th inst., near McComb's dam bridge, cut himself so badly that a long time must elapse before he is fit for work again.....Within the space of twelve months, Mr. B. S. Wright, of Boston, sold three colts of the get of his famous stallion Fearnaught for $45,000, and received $8,000 each for a two-year-old and yearling by the same sire.

SALE OF IMPORTED GLENELG.—Mr. Milton H. Sanford, of the Freakness Stud Farm, near Paterson, and owner of the famous race-horses, Monarchist, Freakness, Salina and others, has just purchased of Mr. A. Belmont the highly bred imported stallion, Glenelg, for the sum of $10,000. Glenelg is by Citadel, out of Bapta, by Kingston, and was foaled in 1866. Citadel was by Stockwell out of Sortie by Melbourne, her dam Escalade being by Touchstone (the Leger winner of 1834), out of Ghuznee, the winner of the Oaks in 1841. Glenelg therefore combines the Irish Birdcatcher blood through the Baron sire of Stockwell, and the fourth-rate blood of Touchstone, the Melbourne blood through his grand-dam, Sortie, and the still more highly prized blood of Venison and Defence, through his dam Bapta, a daughter of Kingston. He was imported when a weanling with his dam by Mr. R. W. Cameron, of Clifton Stud Farm, Staten Island, who sold him when a yearling to Mr. Belmont, for $2,000. Trained by Mr. Jacob Pincus, he won the Travers Stakes at Saratoga in 1869, and could have won the Belmont Stakes at Jerome Park the same spring, but his stable companion, Fenian, was allowed to finish before him on sufferance. He won the Maiurity Stakes at Jerome Park in 1870; the Bowie Stakes, four-mile heats, at Baltimore the same year, distancing such horses as Abdel Rader, Carrie Atherton, Nannie Douglas and Plantagenet, and other races. He will be sent to Kentucky immediately to make the coming season at his new owner's stud farm, to cross with the rare bred blood-mares Mr. Sanford has there; among them Salina, Madame Dudley, Grecian Bend, Stamps, and some forty others. The blood of Glenelg will undoubtedly "nick in" admirably with that of the Lexington mares in that state, and constitute a valuable cross with the stock of Kentucky breeders; Mr. Sanford permitting him to cover a limited number of mares besides his own. He also purchased of Mr. Belmont the brood-mares Circe, by Lexington, out of Emelia, the dam of Australian; and Finesse, by Lexington, out of imported Fliagree, by Stockwell, the price paid being $5,000.

TROTTING IN ENGLAND.—A trotting match, under saddle, for £100 a side, between Peter Leach's brown horse Ship, late Bulldog, of Salford, and J. Rooke's grey mare Steel Grey, of Birmingham, was decided near Manchester, Eng., on Dec. 23d. The distance was five miles, Ship having 300 yards given in that distance. Both horses stand about the same height—an inch and a half over 14 hands. Betting opened at even; finally 5 and 7 to 4 were laid on Steel Grey. A. Campbell, of Irvine, steered Ship; the grey was under the guidance of Sandy M'Nann, of Manchester. Mr. E. B. Mather, of Manchester, dispatched them to a very even start at the third attempt, at 1 o'clock exactly. In the first mile the grey gained very little, but got further up in the second, and after the third mile had been covered about 100 yards separated them, the pace in the third mile being particularly hot. When the pair had gone about three miles and a half the grey caught Ship, at once assumed the lead, and gradually left the brown horse still further in the rear. Just within the fourth mile-post Ship gave up, as his foot was then much broken in consequence of casting a shoe in the first mile. The time was considerably within fifteen minutes. The road was rather heavy going after the recent heavy rain.

THE DIXIE STAKES OF 1874.—This important stake, which every owner of race-horses is covetous of winning, and is ran for at the fall meeting of the Maryland Jockey Club in 1874, closed on Jan. 1st with 67 entries. This is a falling off, compared with the entries of 1873, of 23 horses, and of 25 compared with 1872. The race is a dash of two miles, $500 subscription, $100 forfeit, and Col. McDaniels adds $2,000, the Maryland Jockey Club gives $1,000 to the second horse, and the third horse saves his entrance money. In looking over the entries we notice that Mr. Cameron enters a bay colt by Leamington out of Stolen Kisses; Mr. John F. Chamberlin four, by Planet, War Dance, Asteroid and Australian; Mr. Lorillard an imported colt by Beadsman, and Mr. Thomas four colts by Kentucky and one by Australian. Mr. Welch, the owner of Leamington, enters two fillies by that renowned sire, and Col. McDaniels apparently hopes to win it, for he has no less than five entries, the progeny of Julius, Asteroid, Australian, Leamington and Planet. The get of Melbourne, War Dance, Jack Malone, Vandal, Lexington, Eclipse, Monday, Gilroy, Dickens, and other sires are all represented.

DEATH OF ANEROID.—This well-known racehorse died from the effects of poison a few days ago at the farm of his owners, Messrs. Hambright and Cooper, Pompton, N. J. He was foaled in 1855, was by Lexington out of Nebula, and consequently full brother to Asteroid. He was purchased at Mr. Alexander's sale of Woodburn yearlings in 1856 for $7,000, being the highest price ever paid for a yearling thoroughbred in this country. He was then named Hotspur, but he proved a complete failure as a racer, and Mr. Sanford sold him, when five years old, for the small price of $450 to Mr. Frank Bisack, of Lexington, Ky., who changed his name to Aneroid, and won with him the same season, six out of eleven races on the southern and western turf. In 1871 and 1872 he was also successful in over mile and under two mile races. Aneroid was poisoned at Cleveland, Tenn., in October last, by some miscreant who was fearful of the result of a race at the Bradley County Fair in which Aneroid was entered. So fearful were the effects of the poison, that all the horse's hoofs came off some time before his death.

CALIFORNIA TURF ITEMS.—The owners of the trotting stallion St. Elmo, recently taken by Budd Doble to California, in company with Rosalind and the pacer Dan Voorhees, offer to match him against Lexington in that state for any amount. Up to this time the proposal has not been accepted.....A series of pacing matches between the western pacer Defiance and the eastern horse Dan Voorhees are likely to be arranged at an early date.....The great four-mile heat match race between the two renowned California racehorses, Phil. Sheridan and Thad. Stevens, which was to have taken place on New Year's day, at Alameda, near San Francisco, and postponed on account of the rain and heavy state of the track on that day, has been declared off, Phil. Sheridan having broken down.

A TROT on the snow came off at Albany, N. Y., on Jan. 15th, between Pat Mannix's black team and John Mageenis' bay team, for $250 a side and a wine supper at Magenis'. The bay team won, Mannix's pair taking the third heat.

BILLIARDS.

HAIR-LINE SHOTS.—Cyrille Dion has gone on a short visit to Montreal.....Thomas Foley, of Chicago, is expected in this city.....They are playing "seven-up," a delightful variety of pool, at McKinley's, in this city, while at William Merrick's room, New Haven, it has long been very lively.....No charge is exacted in Denver for the use of the table in fifteen-ball pool, and the same may be said of Ball Lake.....The suit of Kavanagh & Decker *vs.* Frederick Grote & Co., for infringement of cushion patent, has been decided in favor of plaintiffs. An appeal will probably be taken.....William S. Marlin, of Cincinnati, will return to this city and complete the experiments with regard to his patent cushion.....Harry Eaton purposes writing up his billiard experience in the form of a book.....George Stone is at the Atlantic Hotel, Bridgeport, Conn.....George Jones goes to Westfield, Mass.....It is now asserted that Dudley Kavanagh will not challenge Cyrille Dion for the championship.....An important circular in reference to the beveled billiard table has been addressed to the leading manufacturers by Peter Totans, the well-known ivory dealer.....The Spingler House is to have its billiard-room rehabilitated.....It is said that Boston's new and model billiard-room, Lincoln Hall, was fitted up at an expense of $30,000.....The contest between a couple of well-known Brooklyn amateurs, upon which betting promised to be excessively lively, and which was to have been played at Mel. Fowler's room, did not take place, owing to forfeiture at the eleventh hour.....Goldthwait keeps his hand in practice by discounting John Reeves, at 285 Broadway, in four-ball games of 1,200 points; and on the 16th inst. Reeves kept Goldthwait running two and three hundred all the time.....The surprising success of "The Carrollton," opened a short time ago with six of Geo. E. Phelan's tables, has suggested to Baltimore another new room, which will have ten tables.....The Carrollton's attendance has averaged $40 per day.....At Charles Lacoume's room, New Orleans, on the 8th inst. Francois Ubassey made runs of 71, 80, 99 and 98 at the three-ball game.....The *New Orleans Picayune* of the 9th has the following in reference to the proposed Dion-Ubassey match:—"If Mr. Dion does not choose to make good his *dé* issued to the world by accepting the very fair proposition of Mr. Ubassey, it will place him before the billiard world of as an idle boaster, who has sought a reputation by a sweeping challenge, feeling assured that none would dare to meet him, but, when met, seeks to evade the issue which he has invoked." Evidently, there is already a pronounced partisan feeling in the Crescent City. Keep cool, gentlemen!

DALY AGAIN AFTER DION.—Attributing his own defeat on the 9th inst. to Cyrille Dion's surpassingly good fortune, rather than to any manifest superiority in the intricacies of the game, Maurice Daly has resolved to "pick his luck again." Accordingly, he seeks another match for the championship, and he has placed in the hands of Mr. C. O'Connor a forfeit of $250 a side, which amount awaits a cover from the doughty knight of the cue with "the head barrow of hair, and full of generalship." This challenge, which will surprise no one, is one that Dion cannot evade except at the sacrifice of his position as champion, and therefore another great game, although scarcely with such interest attaching as signalized the affair of the 9th, may be reasonably looked for within a few weeks. Appended, as mere matter of form, is Daly's challenge:—

I hereby challenge Cyrille Dion, champion of America, to play me a match game of billiards for the championship and $500 a side. The game to be played according to the rules governing such contests. I have this day deposited $250 in the hands of Chris. O'Connor, Esq., as forfeit. Hoping to hear from Mr. Dion as soon as convenient, I am, very respectfully, MAURICE DALY. *New York, Jan. 15th, 1873.*

THE ILLUSTRATED HANDBOOK OF BILLIARDS, by Messrs. Phelan & Berger, New York. A new edition of this admirable little work, so indispensable to every person desirous of attaining any proficiency in the noble game of billiards, has just been issued. It is got up in excellent typographical style, and illustrated by numerous cuts and diagrams explanatory of the fundamental principles of the game. It contains the rules governing the different games—American, English and French; fifteen ball and pin pool, etc. The treatise on French billiards, with explanatory diagrams by the great French professor, M. Berger, is invaluable alike to the novice and the expert, containing as it does numerous diagrams clearly explanatory of the method of executing the most difficult shots, and bringing the balls together. We commend it to the notice of all lovers of billiards. It is published by H. W. Collender, 738 Broadway, New York, and the price is only 25 cents.

A CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.—In part confirmation of the CLIPPER's editorial remarks last week, a New Orleans paper says: "On the strength of Schaefer's victory over Deery, controversy, it is the intention of the Orleans player to challenge the world at the three-ball game for a match at $2,500 or $5,000 a side, with the condition that the contest shall take place in this city. Should such a game occur, it will be the most important known to the history of billiards since the great Phelan-Seereiter match in Detroit, upwards of twelve years ago." It is to be hoped that the claims as to playing in New Orleans is not authenticative, else it is not at all likely there will ever be a contest. Challengers must not be wholly choosers.

CHAMPIONSHIP OF PENNSYLVANIA.—On the 27th inst., at the Assembly Rooms, Philadelphia, the lovers of billiards in the Quaker City will be afforded an opportunity to see their favorite game exemplified by two of the foremost experts. Edward J. Plunkett and Edmund H. Nelms are on that night to play for $200 a side and the championship of the state, in a three-ball carom game of 200 points, on a 5½x11 carom table. Nelms is the present champion, Plunkett used to hold the emblematic cue, and both have many warm adherents, thus guaranteeing that, whatever the weather outside may be, the game itself will be anything but cold.

FRANCIS VS. FERGUSON.—At Chris. O'Connor's, on the night of the 13th, there was a bout between Jeff. Ferguson, who, although much better known of the west, has been for quite a while in this city, and Ricnezor Francis, Jr., the popular room-keeper, of Newark, N. J. They played the three-ball game, 200 points, the wagers, outside and in, footing up nearly $600. Ferguson, who, for his ordinary speed, is the most deceptive match-player extant—one of the Frank Parker kind, who can play quite as well for money as for fun—won by about 60 points.

A RUN OF 930 IN BOSTON.—At the Revere House, on the 8th, a run of 930 was made by John Rickey while playing Edward Daniels, ex-champion of Massachusetts, in a four-ball game of 1,500 points. Daniels made but 160 points. This run was made without crotching or pushing, as matter of course, but it was probably also made on a 5x10 carom table, which "takes the edge off" somewhat. Rickey, it will be remembered, has challenged Edward Kendall to a contest for the championship of Massachusetts.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

DAMARIS.—The problem is very welcome; solutions correct; criticisms we have not had time to verify; the key of Enig. 819 is 1...Q × B, and of Prob. 820, 1...Q home, and very fine, we think, you'll pronounce both. We've neither had a reply from A. K. H. nor the *Westminster Papers*.

THE SUBSCRIPTION for the widow of Capt. Evans was closed with the reception of £12 from the Melbourne C. C., and 200 roubles ($228) from the Arcebuke Constantine, with whom Capt. E. once contested a series of games.

Notes on Kling's Chess Euclid.—No. 12.

BY GEO. E. GARRETSON.

NUMBER XX.

WHITE.—King at his R sq; Rooks at Q B 3 and K 3, and Pawn at K Kt 6th.

BLACK.—King at his B 7; Bishop at K B sq; Pawns at K 2 and K Kt 2d.

White mates in two moves, by 1...Rook to K 6.

The conception is pretty, but the construction is open to the objection that the key-move is suggested at the first glance by the situation of the force at the upper end of the diagram. In the following version the attention is not so plainly drawn to the proper move.

WHITE.—King at his R 2; Rooks at K sq. and Q B sq; Bishops at Q 7 and K 7th.

White mates in two, by 1...R to K 5.

NUMBER XXI.

WHITE.—King at Q 6 and Queen at home.

BLACK.—King at Q sq; Rooks at Q R sq. and K Kt sq.; Pawns at Q R 2, Q 2 and K Kt

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Positions of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STARRED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of the name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Alma, Wad. Clara A.
Anderson, Lucy
Bolton, Sarah
Bernard, Laura
Brown, Mrs. Nellie
Bertha, M'lle
Bushell, Laura
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Bonta, Jessie
Cooper, Mrs. Wm. H.
Cook, Mrs. Irene T.
Cortis, M'lle
Coombs, Jane
Celesta, Belle
Crosse, Amy de
Chandler, Lottie
Pratt, Mrs. Lottie
Drayton, Alice
De Lodi, Maud
Dale, Leona
Fisher, Maggie
Fontainbleau, M'lle
Fiber, Kate
Granville, Gertie
Grundy, Mrs.
Griffiths, Laura
Gay, Jennie
Grey, Alice
Hallock, Maud
Hendricks, M'lle
Herring, Fannie
Howard, Lucy &c.
Hyams, Jennie
Jos, Alice
Logan, Madam
Le Roy, Annie
Lemon, Adelaide
Morris, Kate
Miller, Mrs. Charlotte
Matthews, Mrs. Ric.
Murrille, Fannie
McClanahan, Jennie
Merlon, Nellie
Montelais, Adah
Magill, Sadie
Novels, Emma
Reynolds, Mary
Rosetta, M'lle (2)
Richards, Pauline
Reignolds, Georgina
Sharp, Hattie (2)
Stuart, Amy
Schott, Angelique (2)
Stefon, Nande (2)
Sharp, Dolly
Smith, Hattie
Tannehill, Nellie
Tremont, Emily, &c.
Tarras, Vida
Woodruff, Mary
Weber, Lina
Warren, Minnie
Wallace, Misses
Wharton, Carrie
Williams, Nellie
Warren, Effie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

"Arthur" (2)
Anderson, W. H.
Adley, Truman J.
Allen, Prof. D. A.
Atkins, Chas.
Archer, Chas.
Adv. Agt., Ole Bull
Adv. Agt. Ed's Booth
Adv. Agt., Wagner's
Hinstrels
Adv. Agt.
Alban, A. W.
Arnold, J. A.
Baker, Jos.
Benson, P. T.
Bailey, G.
Ballard, Jesse D.
Byers, Wm.
Blakeley, T. B.
Blanchard, E.
Barclay, Fred. (2)
Brown, Thos.
Bernard, Pierre
Bernardo, Aaron E.
Bliss, Francois R.
Bill, Hernandi
Blaisdell, W. H.
Baird, J. W.
Bailey, Charley
Bulsay, Justine
Baker, Joseph
Bailey, G. W.
Brown, J. B.
Barnum, Henry (2)
Breen, Wm.
Barney, Master
Bowers, F. G.
Bradford, J. M.
Bailey, Geo. W.
Brown Harry
Clinton, Jas.
Charles, Geo. W.
Cole, Wm.
Cincinnatus
Celini, Tito
Castelotti &c.
Coyle, M.
Conklin, Pete (2)
Cotton, Jr., Ben.
Clark, G. H. (2)
Cavenaugh, Wm. B.
Collins, G. W.
Carleton, Wm.
Carroll, J. W.
Cooper, Jas. F. (2)
Cunliffe, Fred. (2)
Calder, Wm.
Cooke, James
Curtis & Williams
Carle, Charles
Clark, Harry
De Haven, G. W.
De Vere, Wm.
Dumont, Frank (2)
Delehanty, Hengler & Spaulding
De Haven & Goulde (3)
Dupree & Benedict
Dupree, Chas. H.
Dolan, J. H.
De Haven, Geo. H.
Dowling, Edward
Davidson, W. H.
Dyring, H. T.
Davidson, Joel
Durend, W. W.
Emdy, J. F.
Engel, Wese
Ellis, H. W.
Forbes, Chas. (2)
Faust, Lew
Fish, James (3)
Franks, Tony
Fortescue, Geo. K.
Ford, Jas. H.
Freeman, Jas. H.
Fielding, John
Frost, H.
Ferdinando, Nemo
Fox, Master Eddie
Freeman, James
Gilbert, Prof. H. B.
Giddens, Geo. (3)
Greeny, Arthur M. (2)
Green, Dan
Gayler, Chas.
Grelock, Gus
Gaylord, Joe (2)
Gleason, Charley
Gus & Fox
Golden, Martin
Gibbons, Frank
Grady, G. G.
Humphries, Frank (2)
Howe, R. C.
Howard, John G.
Henry, H. F.
Hill, G. A.
Hillyard & Skinner
Hayes, Geo.
Hyatt, Frank
Holloway, Edward
Hawley, Martin
Hicks, C. H.
Haverly, J. H.
Hoka, C. B.
Head, Harry
Holloway, James
Harrigan & Hart
Hamilton, Wm (2)
Healey, John E.
Hanley, Prof. T. S.
Ince, John E.
Justice, John J.
Jeffers, Tom
Jefferson, Joe
Kelly, James (circus manager)
Lent, E. D. (2)
Leavitt, M. B.
Lannier, W. M.
Laoque, Clifford
Lucas, John
Leon Brothers
La Rue, D. C.
Lafforgett, W. W
Leslie, Norman S
Lowell & Simmons
Leopold, George
Mahaw, James
Murphy, J. S.
Moreland, Arthur C. (2)
McKean, Harry
Montgomery, Queen & Co.
Mackey, F. G.
McGill, Wm
Matthews, C. C.
Manager, Martinetti Troupe
Maffin, A. W. (2)
Mulligan, James
Marr, W. J.
Magee, John (2)
Melvin, Jr., C.
Mora, Mr.
Macfarland, Amasso
Moulder, John S.
McKee, Andy
Meakin & Wilson
Marts, Jack
Miles, Paddy
Moran, Johnny
Minnick, Jr.
Mitchell, William
Martino, Prof.
Murray, J. H.
Miles, W. H. (2)
Maxwell, Geo. H.
McAllister, Billy
Nichols, Adolph (3)
Nefus, Jas. H.
Nash, Dan D.
North E.
Nichols, Prof.
O'Bourdon, Prof. M.
Oberlen, Mr.
Pearson, Jr.
Prescott, D. H.
Phillips, Gus
Palmer, C. C.
Pendleton & Hughes
Pendley, Johnny
Poland, Tom
Purdy, S. S.
Play?
Proctor, Joseph
Price, Mark H.
Potter, Ben
Pedanzo
Painter & Durand
Pendley, George L.
Queen & Co. (circus)
Reynolds Brothers
Rivers, Frank
Ray, Frank
Rohlo, Robert
Riley, Dan &c.
Rosch, Jimmy
Rogers, Hevia
Ravel, C. Winter
Ryder, G. V.
Rogers, W. E.
Roberts, H. D.
Robinson, "Old" Joe
Rice, Col. J. H. (2)
Ravini, Mons.
Rutledge, Joe
Robinson, J (music'n)
Reynolds, Geo.
Reed, Ned (2)
Robinson, (circus)
Schultz, H. F.
Sanyosh, Sam (2)
Snow, Basil
Sherman, Wm.
Swift, Frank (2)
Steele, Frank
Sherry, J. C.
Shay, John (3)
Sylvester, Prof. A.
Stone, Dan
Sells Brothers
Stone & Murray (3)
Strawhan, Doek
Stefani, William
Smith, Hen
Smith, Freddy
Shelby, Dan.
Sackett, C.
Sebastian, Senor 10s.
Shattuck, Chas. F.
Searory, Albert
Toomey, J.
Tinkham, Ed.
Taylor, John E.
Talbott, Hy. (2)
Thompson, Sid.
Thorne, Jr., C. B.
Talbott, Harry
Ufford, Frank
Van Amburg & Co.
Vanzant, A. M.
Van Amburg & Co.
Welch, J. C.
Wells, F. C.
Washburne Brothers
Webster, Chas. &c.
Wilson, Lewis
Welch, James
Winter, C. A.
Warwick, Louis R.
Whitney, Wese
Winborn, Ned
Wallack, Joseph
Welch, Dennis
Wild, Billy
Walters & Morton
Weightman, Chas.
White, Geo. H.
Williams, Barney &c.
Wilson, Hobby
Zegrino & Moulton

TO APPLICANTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS' POSITIONS.—While thanking the many gentlemen who have proffered their services as correspondents, we would respectfully inform them, and all who may hereafter propose to act in that capacity, that we do not require any additional correspondents, and trust that this notice may be considered as a reply to the numerous applications we have received.

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Jan. 20th, '73.

Our theatres are moulting, or, rather, are in a transition state; what was the model theatre at one time being converted into a house for the dissemination of tomfoolery and eccentricity, while its whilom genteel comedy may be placed among the things of the past. Singular emotional plays, constructed as society dramas, bring to the notice of the youth of our city those cunning devices and intrigues by which the marriage vow is made ridiculous, and seduction and adultery are held up as among the accomplishments of all well-regulated families. Tragedy is only rendered endurable by the aid of red fires and glitter, and should Julius Cæsar find it convenient to walk in upon a tight rope, or Macbeth murder Duncan upon a fiery, untamed steed, our nerves would not be shocked at the distressing spectacle. Scarcely a play is now introduced to the notice of a metropolitan audience without the presentation of some lively moke or ham fat man in the boudoir of lady fair or noble lord. The Fiji cannibals carry off "the wife of his bosom," and dine off the tender morsel in their wild haunts beyond the sea. Where Booth, and Scott, and Forrest trod the boards in auld lang syne, you are just as likely to see an educated elephant crawl on as anything else. Variety is the spice of life, all rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. The beautiful legs still hold their own, and are just as *jolli* and symmetrical as in their earlier days, while alabaster bosoms and shoulders of milky whiteness entrance our senses with their bewildering lusciousness.

Yes, legs, legs, beautiful legs,
Uplifting the corpus like well-arranged pegs:
The thick and the thin, the knock seed and straight,
Encased all in fleshings, and shoes number eight—
Some a-sagging, some a-bagging, some a-flagging,
Now prancing, now dancing, now in pose the while—
Beautiful legs, legs snowy-white,
Without you the stage would be ruin-ed quite.

.....Church people express no surprise at the destruction by fire of our theatres, but rather gloat over the news of another play-house in flames, forgetful that it is an even thing between burnt-up theatres and churches.....The "Ring" is at work in the city again, and their operations are on a gigantic scale. But give us pause, gentle reader, for this "Ring" we refer to is the circus ring, and all that in it is. The manager and proprietor, the performer, the lawyer-out, the writer, the go-aheadist, the canvasman, the musician, may all be seen on the Broadway, or pacing the Rialto of the St. Charles, exchanging notes, drinking each other's good health, and signing contracts for the next campaign. Behold you sombre visaged, quiet and humble scion—the cowhand, like he had been bereft of friends and victuals—he's a clown, a comical clown, who is wont to set the people in a roar when he bounds into the arena with his hilarious "here we are again, Mister Marster." He is not funny outside of the ring, for his quips and jests and repartee must be kept for his auditors at the show. Yonder sits along the layer-out—not an undertaker, oh, large soul, of corpuses, ignorant reader—a constructor of routes and things. Is he not altogether lovely? And yet the gem that sparkles upon his spotless shirt front is only a dollar jewelry, fresh from the mines of the East—Connecticut, Little Rhody, and other rich placers thereunto adjacent. See you iron-clad miscreant? He fights—he's rough, but he's good—for a row; he helps to hoist the canvas to the breeze, and protects the interests of the employer against the insidious wiles of those freebooters who seek to "crawl under." He's the right man when in the right place. And there, modest, and gentle, and retiring (this is sarcasticuas—ED.) looms up ye mighty man "who manages the press." His the duty to "see" the editor and local, and other good men and true who go to make up the *corpus* of an independent rural newspaper. See with what suavity he glides in among those gentlemen of the bar, as they take a snifter; note the child-like laugh and the musical ring of his voice as he says:—"I don't care if I do." Equestrians, somersaulters, horizontal bar-ers, *trapeze-tists*, jesters, jugglers, and hosts of other members of the "Ring," may be seen bargaining for a chance for the coming season, while others hold aloof for the while for better terms. Their's is a precarious life. They tumble to it in the spring and summer time, and lay up that they may lay up in the cold and dreary winter months. They are a good lot, one and all, kind to each other, liberal to a fault, and we only wish that employment could be found for them the year round.....Everybody is alarmed at the slightest alarm of fire, now-a-days. A man starts for down town in the morning, and it's an even bet that his place of business is in smoking, and flying Phœnix when he gets there. J. Meeks Purviance, that heavy villain whom we were instrumental in launching upon the mimic boards only a year ago, has made such progress in his line of biz, as to become a practical joker. On Saturday morning, while we were holding sweet converse with our readers through the aid of violet ink, and freshly gushing thoughts that were transferred like the wing of the morning to the white sheet, in rushed this J. Meeks Purviance, with terror in his eyes. "Hurry for your life, there's a great fire down in your hotel." Knowing that another gentleman's wife was in our room, under our protection, we sped on the pinions of light to rescue this fair young creature; but when we reached our res. she was as serene and calm as a fresh-laid egg, and the "great fire" turned out to be a fire in the grate. We have since had J. Meeks Purviance discharged for conduct unbecoming a gentleman. He is now studying the Jemsi will case.....Matilda Heron has returned to New York from California, where, we are credibly informed, she walked sixteen miles a day, which goes to show that since leaving us she has degenerated into a mere "walking lady!".....English lecturers and Irish answerers to Trowbridge on the spang of 9 o'clock are in the ascendancy. Our latest importation is J. M. Bellew, the great elocutionist. "Our Jim" wants to know what ill wind blew him here.....Those economical managers who meddled with the bill stickers seem to have got badly stuck, and those showy directors who used to be looked upon as brilliants, are now discovered to be only paste. And while upon this subject, "Our Jim," in the innocence of his nature, inquires whether those people who call Edwin Booth "a chip of the old block" mean that he is a "stick ?".....The paper that used to be posted on the theatrical bill boards is now being used by "Les Miserables" managers to paper their houses....Out in Kansas City the people are very piously inclined, for they have christened one of their drinking saloons "The Little Church," it is exerting a good influence, too, for nearly all the actors in town regularly attend this "Little Church."....Ball managers are hurrying up their cakes and other refreshments, for the Lenten season will be upon us anon, when abstinence from all sinful amusements is the rule, and fasting and prayer must be observed. Trippers on the "light" fantastic toe and heel may be seen in droves in every room, and girls with little or nothing to wear from up like the naked truth in a court of justice, convicting with their beatific eyes all who come within their "ring." Hear us while we rhyme about

THE BALL-ROOM BELLE.

Say not the flowers have faded, for summer's charms have fled,
That with the bygone season all cherished hopes are dead;
While here amid the patter of the merry dancers' feet,
And the cadence of rare music, her form once more we meet.

That skin of alabaster is like the driven snow,
And that dainty lips of roses, that entwin the birds of spring,
Would smother them with kisses though beneath there lay a sting.

And there *is* a sting concealed in many of those vermilion lips as we have learned to our cost when attempting to snatch the much-coveted prize. The last angel we tackled in this way bit as like she thought she had hold of a spring chicken.....Among the galaxy of speakers from the other side lecturing in this city just now is the celebrated Allan Cure, of London. Hearing of his arrival in the land of the free, some of our variety managers are going for him, supposing him to be the "Original Cure."

.....We went to church last Sunday, and to the honor of the sinners, be it said, they gave us a reserved seat. The sermon had the merit of being short and good, but what attracted our attention most was a tenor singer who could, no doubt, get a steady sit as balladist with a minstrel troupe. This may be sinful, but that voice seemed to be lost in the gloomy looking edifice.....And talking about churches, one of our pastors is the Rev. Mr. Boote, whom the wicked Jim pronounces a "booly preacher."....And there is another preacher in Brooklyn, Ex. Pa., who, failing to draw by the legitimate text, advertised to "pitch into the theatres," and now the wicked wretches crowd his church like it was a free and easy.....We see by our latest London advices that an employee in a theatre over there has invented something or other so that by turning a lever every gas jet, including a large sunlight, in the building, can be made to throw water with considerable force in case of fire. This is, no doubt, a noble invention, worthy of the genius of any other man; the only objection that we can see is, that, perchance, when the theatre is crowded from pit to dome with an appreciative audience, some revengeful and bloody-minded fiend might get hold of the wrong spigot, turn on the water and drown the whole congregation. We return this bill, with the objections set forth.....The new plays of the day do not seem to take very well, so one of our enterprising managers who has been basking in the lapse of ages, but more especially in the laps of youthful ages, is about to bring out a piece, "One Hundred Years Old."....Wood's Museum is dosing its patrons with "Poison," as prescribed by John A. Mack. We have been informed that this gentleman claims to be connected with the CLIPPER. Our informant has been misled, if we understand him correctly, for Mr. Mack is not now, and never has been connected with this paper.....The literary vineyard swarms with lecturers, and Pennsylvania groans beneath the weight of the good things set before her. Mrs. Livermore is the latest. Mrs. Livermore lectures now so that she may live a *more* easy life hereafter. Keno.....At the Athenæum they are giving their patrons "Bad Whiskey," yet those who "have been there" say it is not so bad as the other "Poison."....Dominick Murray is not one of those who "Escaped from Sing Sing" the other day; he's "only foolin'," as the Fiji cannibals say.....We stop the press to announce that no theatre has been destroyed by fire since our last, not even a ten dollar affair to show Sir Inspector how easy managers can eradicate fires. The public breathe much more freely. Railroad accidents are now in vogue.....As exchange charges Mad. Lucca with saying:—"I never see so pad a plais as ze Philamadelfy to git one ze sore throat." Ah! The madame caught her cold there not from the atmosphere but from her audiences.....Mr. Daly, in referring to his new theatre, says:—"I intend to make it as exact a reproduction of my destroyed theatre as possible." It is well to let the public understand his intentions, so that they may be on their guard when the fire scene of the destroyed theatre is reproduced....."They say" that several of the managers who meant to adhere to the combination formed against the bill boards are sick, and efforts are to be made to make them stick by the aid of prepared glue. *Selah.*

City Summary.

MISS LILLIE ELDRIDGE, who has been seriously ill for some weeks past at Kansas City, Mo., arrived in town during the past week, accompanied by her mother. With the exception of a slight cold, she has now entirely recovered her health. She will not, however, resume her profession until Feb. 17th, when she is to commence an engagement at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE VICTORELLI BROTHERS, Miss Annie Braddon, Johnny Williams, and Miss Belle Ilferd were the fresh appearances at Tony Pastor's during the past week. The Victorelli brothers—Henry, Oscar and little Victor—are skilled acrobats and gymnasts. Their feats upon the *trapeze* were characterized by skill, grace and daring, which may also be said of their acrobatic feats later in the evening. Miss Annie Braddon, as a serio-comic vocalist, achieved success; she possesses a good voice, a pleasing personal appearance, and the police would not forget Johnny Williams, an excellent dancer and singer, whose performances we have recently reviewed, met with enthusiastic favor. Miss Belle Ilferd's sensational songs deserve meritorious mention. Dan and Josie Morris performed an Irish musical sketch entitled "Miles and Molly;" Mlle Conchita Ronzati, with the Gorenflo sisters, performed a dance which was favorably received. Tony Pastor, in a budget of fresh songs, as usual aroused the enthusiasm of his auditors. McKee and Rogers, in their specialty of "The Black Aristocrats," gave so much satisfaction that they were compelled to respond to three *encores*. Billy Carter and his banjo, Miss Jennie Engel's serio comic songs, a couple of sketches in which Hen Mason, O. P. Seibert, Frank Girard, J. Emerson, T. Granger, and the Misses Amelia Gorenflo and Celia Ilferd appeared, and a local burlesque entitled "Round the Block," filled out the programme, which attracted a continued large attendance. Sam Sanford, Billy Barry, and Minnie and Maggie Claire will be the next stellar attractions.

MISS MARIETTA RAVEL commenced an engagement at Wood's Museum on Monday evening, Jan. 13th, acting then and during the week in her sensational drama of "Jartine," with nearly the same cast as on its prior production there. She attracted large audiences, and the drama was well staged and gave satisfaction. At the usual *matinees*, save Saturday, M. W. Fiske acted in a sensational drama entitled "Poison."

AT THE ATHENÆUM, under the management of Robert W. Butler, the performances of the past week commenced with George H. Coes' original burlesque on "Othello," in which the author acted the title role. James P. Wambold reappeared after a long absence from the stage, and his songs, with banjo accompaniment and imitations of animals, etc., met with much favor, he being four times recalled. The Misses Ida and Emma Ross, in a double dance, were pleasing. In a sketch called "City Life Illustrated," Schoolcraft as the Dutch Barkeeper, and Wambold as the Lunch Fiend, aided by Lang, Myers, Prescott and Campbell, created much mirth. Miss Ida Madigan, evidently a novice, sang some serio-comic songs; she has a pleasing appearance, was beautifully costumed, and we think that by future study and application she will attain the position which she now aspires to fill. Sheridan and Mack, in the precise performances that we so recently noticed when they were performing at Wood's Museum, made the success of the evening. Each of their acts was lively, laughable, and they were several times recalled. Miss Lizzie Stemple performed a skipping-rope dance which deserves high praise. Her steps were very difficult, and the approbation which greeted her at intervals during her performance attested its excellence. Upon a recall she gave a brief but lively jig. Miss Carrie Lavarnie, tastefully attired, sang serio-comic songs which gave complete satisfaction. A medley dance by Vire Ferrand, and a farce called "Pat O'Hoolahan," closed the performances.

HARRY SPAULDING, the manager of Dan Rice's Paris Pavilion Circus during the past tenting season, is at the Sinclair House. He has lately been suffering seriously from dropsy, but is recovering. His father, Dr. Spaulding, is his constant attendant.

THE MACKEYS and Arthur Gregory, acrobats and gymnasts, were the fresh appearances at the Theatre Comique since our last report. During the early part of the evening Master Willie Matthews sang comic songs which, considering his tender years, evinced much talent. Later, other members of the family—Mr. and Mrs. Mathews and three sons, including Master Willie, were actors shown—appeared in a excellent and difficult acrobatic feats, which were characterized by grace, daring and skill. But the crowning features of the entertainment were the performances upon triple bars of Arthur Gregory and Master Theodore Mathews, which were given for the first time in this city on Monday evening, Jan. 13th. Three horizontal bars are placed equidistant, points upon which are well, and upon each of these the two performers separately enact startling and difficult feats. Then, as their performances progress, they leap from bar to bar, repeating the acts given at their starting, and when the bar nearest the audience is reached they quickly reverse their positions and return to the point where they commenced. The feats accomplished during each delivery exceed in dangerous display, both in skill and daring, until, near the close of their performances, Mr. Gregory startles the audience by throwing somersaults between each of the bars, both in advancing and returning. Lavish applause greeted them at intervals, and at the termination of their act it became almost deafening. It was one of the best and most pleasing acts ever given in this city, and has the great merit of being apparently entirely free from danger. A new and original negro sketch introduced John Hart, John Wild, James Bradley, John Queen and Miss Kitty Tilston in a favorable light, and created much merriment. Pete Cannon continued his excellent Irish character songs, which obtained for him several recalls. Henry S. Fage, in his performances upon the cornet, met with continued favor, his playing of "Way Down upon the Swanee River" being deservedly much applauded. Harrigan and Hart as the Fiji Island Cannibals; William West in songs with banjo accompaniment; the Misses Ada Wray and Jennie Hughes in serio-comic songs; Kitty O'Neil's jig; Master Barney's ever-welcome Dutch character songs, and the old-time sketch of "The Masked Ball," which, by the way, gave great satisfaction, John Hart being very funny as the door keeper, filled out one of the best performances that have been presented upon the variety stage in this city for a long time, and deservedly attracted large audiences. While the managers of the rival theatres are striving to do away with the bill-boards and "hide their light under a bushel," Josh Hart does not allow the grass to grow under his feet, but is rapidly securing all the places the others have vacated.

THE MANAGERS of the Olympic Theatre have withdrawn from the managerial combination, and will at once return to the "old way of doing things."

"THE CATARACT OF THE GANGES" is to be produced this evening, Jan. 20th, at the Grand Opera House. "Round the Clock" was withdrawn after the performances of Jan. 18th. During the week ending on that date neither the Magiltons nor the Lauri Family appeared. The Girard brothers made their first appearance on Jan. 13th, and continued in their specialty entitled "The Operonicon," in which they performed some excellent grotesque dancing.

AT NIBLO'S GARDEN the spectacle of "Leo and Lotos" continues to attract large audiences. Since Moses W. Pike and Miss Olivia Rand seceded from the company their respective characters have been satisfactorily acted by Ben. Maginley and Miss Bessie Sudlow. Miss Laura Joyce's singing is nightly *encored*. Her voice, a pure contralto of much power, evinces good cultivation. The attack on and burning of the Hotel de Ville is one of the most effective *tableaux vivants* ever witnessed in this city, and is nightly hailed with most enthusiastic applause. Benson Sherwood, the master machinist, has decided not to leave the theatre as he thought of doing.

WENTZ'S EUROPEAN is now located at No. 745 Broadway, having recently removed from 730. In addition to a large collection of theatrical plays, a great variety of books, magazines, the CLIPPER, as well as all the daily, weekly and Sunday papers, can be found on sale. Give him a call.

MATILDA HERON arrived from San Francisco, Cal., since our last.

DAN SHELBY, of the Theatre Comique, Syracuse, N. Y., was in town during the past week.

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS a fair business has been done. FRANK CONVERSE, banjo performer, has been engaged.

J. ZAMANIA PRISSMARD has just recovered from a dangerous illness.

"THAT PRACTICAL JOKE" continued the chief attraction at Bryant's Minstrels. The latest changes were as follows:—W. Raymond sang "The Minstrel Boy;" William Dwyer, "Little Sweetheart, Come Kiss Me," one of W. H. Brockway's recent compositions, and Dave Reed, "Dance Away, Mamito." In the olio the only changes was the revival of "The Strolling Players." They continue to do a good business.

J. B. STUDLEY commenced an engagement at the Bowery Theatre on Jan. 13th, and on that evening W. H. Meeker made his first appearance as a member of the company. "The Twelve Temptations," which had quite a run at the Grand Opera House on its original production, was the attraction, preceded by "Number and Orasher," during the week. It was mounted with the same costumes, banners and appointments that graced its original production, but little was done for it in the way of scenic embellishment, which detracted materially from the general effect. It will be continued this week.

MISS MARIAN MORDAUNT is recovering from her recent illness, and will soon be able to resume her profession. Olive Logan is writing a new play for her.

J. H. LAINE, general agent of Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, was in town on Jan. 20th.

CHARLES MELVILLE, manager of the Norris-Norton Combination, has returned to this city.

CONCERT SALOON THEATRE, to be opened this week as the Fifth Avenue Theatre, although on Broadway, the following particulars may not be uninteresting. The place was formerly known as Dr. Osgood's Church. For a short time it was used by the ladies for giving out work to the poor sewing-women. Was purchased by A. T. Stewart, who called it the Athenæum, and it was used for exhibitions of various kinds. In December, 1864, it was leased by a Mr. Davis, a gentleman from London, who in sixteen days fitted it up and opened it as Lucy Rushton's New York Theatre, with "The School for Scandal," cast as follows:—Sir Peter Teazle, C. M. Walcot; Sir Oliver Surface, Harry Pearson; Joseph Surface, J. K. Mortimer; Charles Surface, D. W. Waller; Crabtree, T. Placide; Sir Benjamin Backbite, W. J. Lemaistayer; Rowley, H. Cunningham; Careless, W. S. Higgins; Snakes, T. C. Gourlay; Trip, Mr. Davies; Lady Teazle, Lucy Rushton; Mrs. Candour, Clara Maeder; Lady Sneerwell, Mrs. Mark Smith. Previous to the comedy "The Star Spangled Banner" was sung by the company, after which Lucy Rushton addressed the audience. Proving a failure from the opening night, it was closed, to be reopened Sept. 24, 1866, by J. Lewis Baker & Mark Smith; with Mark Smith, Lewis Baker, A. H. Davenport, McKee Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. W. Gomersall, Mr. and Mrs. Humphrey Bland, F. Percy, Farly, H. Vernon, King, Chapman, Geo. Meckiff, Newton, Williams, Mrs. H. H. Wall, Alicia Mandeville, Saidee Cole, Mrs. Wilkins, Miss Salsado, and others in the company. The Worrell Sisters were the next lessees, and kept it until May, 1868. It then remained closed until the summer of 1871, when A. R. Spencer leased it for a term of years, and after taking down considerable of the steeple, and expending a great deal of money in improvements, reopened it as the Globe Theatre, with a first-class variety entertainment. Josh Hart was the acting manager. For about six months business was very good—indeed, until Mr. Hart withdrew. Then the management became careless in the style of entertainment generated, "rather an inferior kind." Business became so bad that the proprietor was obliged to close the house, and it remained so for some time—in fact, until the amount of money deposited in bonds had been eaten up in rent, when Mr. Stewart took possession again. On the 18th of December, 1871, James M. Nixon opened it with a great flourish of trumpets and with a regular circus company, but business was so bad that about two weeks only elapsed ere it remained closed until Miss Jean Burnside leased it for one week with the privilege of continuing. She spent about eight hundred dollars in improving the house, and it looked neat and attractive. She opened April 8th, 1872, with her play of "Gold," but business did not warrant its continuance over a week, when the house closed and remained so until leased by Mr. Daly. Whether the luck will attend this house since it was transformed from a church into a theatre will continue under the present *regime* remains to be seen.

A NEW GERMAN PLAY, "Secrets of New York; or, the Jesuits in America," was billed at the Stadt Theatre for *Sunday* night, Jan. 19th, by way of a striking tag to the usual Sunday night's bill. The characters in the play are Fathers Josephus, Hyacinthe and Ignatius, assigned in the bill to "the Holy Order of Jesus," while in point of fact Fathers Josephus, Hyacinthe and Ignatius are well-known priests attached not to the order of Jesuits, but to that of the Most Holy Redeemer, substantially a German body, familiar to Catholics as "Redemptorist Fathers," and having churches in Third and Thompson streets, of this city. Captain Ward, of the Tenth police precinct, was waited upon by a delegation from the Church of the Redeemer, in Third street, who protested against the production of the play as being designed to revile their faith and caricature their order. Capt. Ward agreed with them, and sent for the manager of the Stadt, who in turn protested against being interfered with. The upshot was that the police would not stop the play at all hazards, he announced to the 8,000 spectators present that it was optional with them to demand their money back or tickets for the following secular (Monday) night, when the play would positively be produced, whereupon about five hundred persons left the theatre. There was no excitement, and everything passed off but how will it end?

COL. T. A. BROWN, dramatic agent, No. 9 West Fourth street, is prepared to negotiate engagements for the following artists:—H. P. Wilson, character actor and comedian; Prof. O. Collier, ventriloquist; the Orrin Brothers, with Mlle. Lucca, circus artists; the Rowland Brothers, her performers; J. C. O'Neil, with his reconstructed "Ship Ahoy," and Lew Lane, who, is supported by a dramatic company, and with a *repertoire* of new plays, will commence the spring season about Feb. 10th. He also advertises for a walking lady.

IN OUR PAST ISSUE, in the article upon the First Bowery Theatre, we inadvertently omitted to state that we were indebted to a great extent to Mr. Joseph N. Ireland's valuable work, entitled "Records of the New York Stage," for much of the information therein contained. We sincerely regret the omission, and disavow any intention of detracting in the slightest degree from the honor to which our historian is entitled for his work, to which we have occasion to make frequent reference.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE a burlesque called "The Alhambra" was produced on Tuesday evening, Jan. 14th, it not having been ready on the 13th, as announced. It was simply a vehicle for the introduction of a variety performance, nearly every act of which had been previously seen in this city. The only feature worthy of note was the act performed by the Lauri family, entitled "The Phantom Fight," which was liberally applauded. The dialogue being censured by the press, was considerably curtailed during the week, and we are told that this week an entire new list act is to be substituted. Edwin Kelly and Leon made their *debut* on the dramatic stage on the initial performance.

Dramatic.

To Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers and Others.

To every authorized correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER we have issued a check, a light yellow card, with an engraving of the CLIPPER building on one side, and on the other the name of the correspondent, city, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the date and date of expiration. In March, 1873, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. No person is authorized to use any other card, and all showmen are requested not to recognize or extend favors to any person unless he has in possession the above. During the past season many managers were defrauded and imposed upon by persons presenting an ordinary visiting card, bearing, in addition to their names, the words "Regular correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER," and gave as an excuse for so doing that they had left their regular card at home. Our correspondents are requested never to use such cards, never to ask favors without showing their regular card, and managers will save themselves from being imposed upon by demanding, at all times, the regular card. All cards of other colors previously issued are hereby revoked. Correspondents are requested to make their favors as brief as possible, as we have space for voluminous reports. Parties applying for the position of correspondent are respectfully requested to consider silence a negative.

FROM ST LOUIS, Mo., dramatic notes as appended are sent by our regular correspondent up to Jan. 17th inclusive:—"At De Bar's Miss Maggie Mitchell appeared nightly in 'Jane Eyre.' Her assumption of the title *role* was marked by the same vigor and intensity of feeling as are her other portrayals, though in the present instance her talent has greater scope for pathos. Mr. L. R. Shewell's performance of Rochester in a excellent and difficult manner. In consequence of the illness of Mrs. G. W. Mitchell (who has increased the Mitchell family by one), who was to have acted Georgiana, Miss Laura Linden kindly exemplified the part instead. Mr. R. Scott as Sir Francis dressed and acted correctly. For one so comparatively young in the the profession he is advancing very rapidly. Mr. Ilsley Adams made a good Adam Brown, and the two Professor Blackhurst. Miss Kitty Mills as Judith Henley was conscientious. Miss Sallie Partington as Hannah was quite satisfactory, and the minor characters were attentively handled. On Friday night Miss Mitchell takes her farewell benefit, appearing in 'Little Barefoot,' and will be succeeded by Mr. John Owens, who will appear on the 21st inst. Mr. Adam made his first appearance here more than at any time heretofore met with success, the dress-circle seats being sold far in advance, and the parquette and family circle were mostly filled by ladies. She has been ably seconded by Mr J. C. McCollum. On Monday night 'Marie Stuart' was acted; Tuesday, 'Love's Masquerade;' Wednesday, 'East Lynne;' Thursday, 'Lady Audley's Secret;' Friday night, 'The Stranger;' and Saturday afternoon and evening 'Camille' closed the season.....The Grand Opera House once more presented food for scandalous gossip by the manner of its last closing in financial collapse. 'Ooffy Gooff' and Geo Thompson, who were performing there the previous week, brought things to an abrupt ending on Sunday night, Jan. 12th. Before the performance was more than half finished, Ooffy Gooff quietly informed the audience that in consequence of the management not producing the necessary money by contract due, the performance would not go on. The audience, acting upon this hint, went—out. What next are we to expect from so grand an opera house?"

WM. A. DE LONG publishes a card, stating that the play "Jaquette; or, in the Toils," is his property, and duly protected by copyright.

MANAGERS desiring to secure the Norris-Norton Combination can address Chas. Melville, as per advertisement.

THE NORRIS-NORTON DRAMATIC COMPANY, under the management of Chas. Melville, are to commence another tour at Brainard's Opera House, Cleveland, O., on Jan. 27th.

CARLOTTA LECLERCQ commences a week's engagement at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Jan. 20th, and Joseph Jefferson appears for four nights, commencing Feb. 3d.

THERE IS A DIFFERENCE of opinion about the reported death of Alice Kingsbury, the "Eilfn Star," our informant, a lady, claiming to have been present at the grave, while a gentleman in this city says that he is "in receipt of a letter from Alice Kingsbury, dated Natchez, Miss., Dec. 19th, 1872. Going on three years ago she married Col. F. M. Cooley—of the U. S. A., I believe—then at Vicksburgh, and now of Natchez. She retired from the stage some months before marriage, to devote herself to the study of sculpture, in which she has achieved several very creditable successes, especially in a bust of Dickens. During her last season on the stage she played the title *role* in Chandos Fulton's drama of 'Jenny Wren and Her Friends,' which he wrote expressly for her."

BUSHNELL AND MACDONOUGH'S "Black Crook" Combination is billed to perform at Lafayette, Ind., Jan. 20th and 21st; Logansport, 22d and 23d; Fort Wayne, 24th and 25th; Toledo, O., 27th, 28th and 29th, and Adrian, Mich., 30th.

AT COATES' OPERA HOUSE, Kansas City, Mo., John R. Owens and his dramatic company commenced a week's engagement on Jan. 13th, opening with "Everybody's Friend" and "Solon Shingle." Our correspondent, writing on Jan. 16th, says:—"The audience, so far, have been large and the performances extremely satisfactory. Mr. Owens was an immense De Boots, and Miss Gordon, as the fascinating widow, Mrs. Swandown, did her part charmingly. Walter Bean and Colin Stuart may both be mentioned as excellent in their characters, and aside from the orchestra, which was execrable, the entire company were pleasing."

LEO HUDSON can be engaged, with her more Black Beau. Address care of this office.

J. HOLMAN and DOYLE respectfully the artists engaged for the National Theatre, Cincinnati, O., to report for rehearsal on Jan. 20th, and he advertises for a good leading man and a leader of orchestra.

PROF. R. KIMLEY & Co. have recently opened a new Dramatic Agency at 613 Walnut street, Philadelphia, a very central location. Prof. Risley states that he is the only general agent for the Grand Central Theatre and Col. Wood's Museum in that city, and also for Miss Annie Adams, the Mallitons and other first-class artists. Parties wishing engagements at either of the above-mentioned theatres should address Prof. R. Risley & Co., as per advertisement.

DOSS JOHN T. FOSS run Jonnanchek or is she under the control of one Pillot? If the former, the latter assumes rather more authority than is generally accorded to agents.

N

balcony when he must meet them in an old barn; Burke overhears and goes there first and hides. Malvern and Hastings then appear and also hide; Roderick enters soon after and is seized and bound by them. Malvern produces a rope, which he ties around Roderick's neck, then rose outside to the end of the rope to run Roderick up. Calls Hastings to fire pistol for the signal. When he has gone Burke issues from his concealment, knocks Hastings down, and releases Roderick. They then bind Hastings and put the rope around his neck. Roderick gives the signal, and up goes the body of Hastings in the air. Act fourth.—Harriet and her uncle having emigrated to America, she meets Malvern, who is disguised, and becomes engaged to him. She discovers his true character, and bows Roderick to serve her; he swears to do it. Malvern appears upon the scene; as awaits the coming of his lawyer with marriage certificate; Roderick enters, disguised as a lawyer, and hands him a paper; he exclaims: "I die, assassinated by Reuben Malvern; avenge me." Roderick throws off disguise and proclaims himself. Malvern fires at him and misses, and turning out lights, attempts to stab him in the darkness. Moonlight penetrates the open window, and Roderick, seeing his danger, wrests the knife from him and kills him. Tableaux.

LYCEUM THEATRICAL IN BOSTON are reported as follows by our correspondent, under date of Jan. 19th:—

"There is but little new to chronicle this week in theatricals. "False Shame" has had a prosperous second week at the Museum, and will receive four more representations before its final withdrawal. It has been followed, on each occasion by "Benny Baker," in which Mrs. Fred. Williams made her first appearance since her severe and protracted illness. Last night "East Lynne" was given to a large house. On Thursday, Ed. a special Warren night will be given, when "Rebecca in the Wood" will be produced for the first time this season, followed by "My Neighbor's Wife." On Friday, Gen'l. W. Blatchford, the treasurer, benefits, offering "Home" and "Doing for the Best." Thursday's bill will be repeated on the Saturday matinee, and on Saturday evening "The Rake of Lyons" will be performed. "Rachel the Reaper" and "To Genia's Savage" are announced for the 27th inst. "The Corsican Brothers" is rehearsed..... At the Globe W. J. Florence opened on Monday last, inst., as Bob Brierly in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and has played to light business all the week. His performance of the character is a superb one, but it is no familiar to our theatre-goers by make any head-way against the strong counter attractions at the other houses. The cast was but slightly changed from that of last season. Mrs. W. R. Floyd (Miss Carlisle), who was to have played Lady Willoughby in the "Ticket-of-Leave Man," and the impression she made was, on the whole, favorable. Leslie Allen played Walter Hose instead of F. F. Mackay. F. S. Floyd was the Green Jones in place of W. T. Raymond, and suffered greatly in comparison with the latter's fine performance. Josie Orton was the Emily St. Evremond, in place of Mrs. Florence, and was by no means a success. The rest of the cast remained the same, and could scarcely be bettered. The piece was put finely upon the stage, and was altogether an excellent entertainment. To-morrow night "No Thoroughfare" will be produced, with Florence as Obenreizer and "Eileen Oge" in preparation next. At the Boston Theatre Stuart Robson appeared on Tuesday evening and Wednesday afternoon in "Everybody's Friend" and "The Widow's Victim Captain." Both performances are familiar to our theatre-goers, and need little comment beyond the fact that they were still more intensely funny than ever. He also delivered a little speech between the pieces which was in his funniest vein. His support was, on the whole, good. H. C. Murdoch made a most excellent Felix Featherly. J. J. Sullivan was a fair lookrook. Rachel Noah was a good Mrs. Swansdown, and May Fisk was a formidable Mrs. Featherly. Mr. Chas. Poole was not at all congenial, however, as Mr. De Boots. Last night, 18th, a benefit will be offered for Robson's benefit, which drew a large house in spite of the weather. The fifth act of "The Rivals," "The Spitfire," "Hamlet" and "Ye Antic Show" will be performed. The Museum still continues to draw well. The past week was occupied by the opera troupe. On Tuesday, inst. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Forty Thieves" will be given, on Thursday the bill of last night will be repeated, and on Saturday Harry Bloodgood takes a benefit. Oliver Doud Byron commences an engagement on the 27th inst. in "Across the Continent."

FROM CHICAGO, Ill., we have the appended report of amusements from our correspondent, dated Jan. 16th:—

"At Hooley's Opera House the present week is devoted to the representation of Bartley Campbell's new society play, entitled "My Partner," which was written expressly for this theatre, was mounted in elegant shape and strongly cast. The plot is briefly summed up as follows:—The scene opens at Rose Cottage, the country residence of Frank Faraday, who has just fallen heir to a large fortune. Mrs. Helen Faraday, the wife of Frank Faraday, receives a letter from Miss Juno Temple, an old schoolmate, stating that her parents have recently died in Canada, and she is desirous of obtaining some genteel employment. She is invited to come and make Rose Cottage her future home, or at least until she succeeds in obtaining employment. She accepts the invitation, and nearly as soon as she becomes snugly domiciled she sets to work to create a disturbance between Mr. and Mrs. Faraday, by telling the wife, naturally of a jealous disposition, by actual observation that Juno Temple receives rather too much attention from Mr. Faraday, which arouses her jealousy to such a state that she quarrels with her husband for the first time, and thus closes the first act. In the second she repents and makes up with her husband, and false pride is for the time subdued, only to break out, however, in a fiercer flame at the conclusion of the act. The circumstances of Juno's flight, who is legally the husband of Juno, and a bankrupt showman named Blaize. In this act Paulding appears and claims his wife, who refuses to recognize him, and as he leaves the room she cries for him to return. Faraday rushes in, she faints in the arms of Faraday, his wife enters at this moment, takes in the situation at a glance and a separation takes place. Rose Cottage is sold, Juno, the wife of Paulding, and departs for Europe, on the termination of three years Juno, having lived extravagantly, mortgages the cottage, Frank returns bankrupt in both health and pocket, to find that the cottage is no home for him. Juno returns to Chicago to live with him. Mrs. Faraday, finding out that the cottage is for sale, purchases the same, appears upon the scene just as Faraday is quitting the house, a reconciliation takes place, Paulding retires his wayward wife, Blaize receives his deserts, and the curtain descends on happy hearts. The dialogue of the play is lively, and contains truthful studies from real life, the *tableaux* are strikingly effective and the general situations are unusually good. In the distribution of characters, John Blaisdell assumed the part of Frank Faraday—a character admirably suited to his powers—and succeeded in playing the same in a style, if not entirely faultless, very nearly so. J. C. Padgett as Paulding was not particularly successful. John Dillon as Blaize was in his happiest vein, and made the character quite prominent. Russell Soggs as Derwent, Mr. Webber as Dr. Littlefield, and H. Woodfield as Lawyer Hyde, and Mrs. Agnes Plummer were all deserving of favorable mention. Kate Meek as Helen Faraday appeared to excellent advantage, and played the part finely. Mrs. Wallace Britton enacted Juno in a style not deserving of particular praise. Mrs. H. Rogers as Mrs. Hall was Miss Dycer. Emma Cline shone resplendent in the part of Sally Toddle. The attendance has been good, considering the terrible weather. The piece will probably remain the boards another week.....At the Wood's the week has been good. H. C. Murdoch made a most excellent Felix Featherly. J. J. Sullivan was a fair lookrook. Rachel Noah was a good Mrs. Swansdown, and May Fisk was a formidable Mrs. Featherly. Mr. Chas. Poole was not at all congenial, however, as Mr. De Boots. Last night, 18th, a benefit will be offered for Robson's benefit, which drew a large house in spite of the weather. The fifth act of "The Rivals," "The Spitfire," "Hamlet" and "Ye Antic Show" will be performed. The Museum still continues to draw well. The past week was occupied by the opera troupe. On Tuesday, inst. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Forty Thieves" will be given, on Thursday the bill of last night will be repeated, and on Saturday Harry Bloodgood takes a benefit. Oliver Doud Byron commences an engagement on the 27th inst. in "Across the Continent."

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The Red Pocketbook" was the attraction on the 13th, and 'Nick of the Woods' the balance of the week. The Aimee Opera Bouffe Troupe commences on the 20th. ..... The veteran Irish comedian, John Collins, appeared at the Academy of Music on the 13th in the characters Myles Na Coppaleen in the 'Colleen Bawn' and O'Callaghan in 'Paul Clifford,' in which he was well filled, and the veteran comedian received a very flattering reception. His singing is notably good, and his voice retains a wonderful degree of strength and purity. Generally speaking, the support by the stock company has been entirely satisfactory. The Holman Opera Company, Mann, John Webster as Kyrle Daly, W. S. Johnson as Mr. Corrigan, John McDonald as Bertie O'Moore, Kate Fletcher as Ann Chute, Mrs. J. L. Carhart as Mrs. Corrigan, Nellie Drury as Sheila, all rendered their respective characters in a commendable manner. Katie Wilson was cast for Elly O'Connor, but for peculiar reasons Annie Waite assumed the part, and played the same to an advantage. Mary O'Moore was assumed by Miss Dycer on the 15th and 16th, and the balance of the week, Paul Clifford." Joseph Murphy opens in 'Help' on the 20th..... At McVicker's Theatre, Mr. and Mrs. Boucicault, Shelby and C. Alexander commenced an engagement on the 13th, appearing in 'Arrah-Na-Pogue,' and they were greeted by a large house. Mr. Boucicault's Shaun was very much admiration. Certainly the character has had no better representative here. Agnes Robertson displays some remarkably fine acting as Arrah Meelish. The strongest delineation in the cast, with the exception of Shaun, is that of Shelby, who has caught the full spirit of the conception. In make-up, bodily movement and speech, his rendering is a piece of consummate art which is worthy of Mr. Alexander's reputation as an actor. Mrs. Shelby

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FOR THEATRICAL or other advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, *Fifteen cents per line* for each and every insertion.
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FOR NOTICES—to be incorporated in our News Departments—such as extracts from other papers, etc., *thirty cents per line*, the same notice not to be inserted more than once.
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A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.
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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR NEW YORK CLIPPER,
Corner of Centre and Leonard streets, New York.

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HARRY AND FANNIE WOOD, CHARACTER CHANGE VOCALISTS.—The following notice from the London, Ont., Free Press, Dec. 26th and 27th:—Mr. and Mrs Harry Wood, the latter a lady of very pleasing presence and very sprightly in her movements when occasion requires, were extremely good in their character sketches, and in the parts they sustained in the several farces. In their protean changes, in which music, dancing and acting are well mingled, they were by no means least in importance, and received hearty encores for everything they undertook. They are really one of the main features in the bill, and excellent performers, and are, without exception, the nonpareil of eccentricity, and during their wonderful performance kept the audience convulsed with laughter.
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MR. FRANK GILDER, THE Brilliant American Pianist, having lately returned from a very successful engagement with the Richings Concert Troupe, is now open to concert engagements. Address 1,117 Chestnut st., Philadelphia.
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42-5t* Wilkesbarre, Pa.

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Detroit, Mich., Jan. 13th, 2 weeks.
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Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 27th, 4 weeks.
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WANTED. A FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY,
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42-2t*

G. BENNETT, Who is going to the World's Exposition in Vienna, Austria, next May, would be pleased to negotiate with a responsible manager or a first-class show or curiosities, or any kind of exhibition as agent. Can furnish first-class references regarding character and capability. Can speak four different languages fluently, and is well posted all through Germany and France. This will be a third voyage across the ocean. Has been at the Paris Exposition, and is well known by professionals all through the United States (that is, traveling shows and Europe). Refers to Mr. Corey, Omaha Academy of Music. Can furnish a first-class record, and has been traveling for the past eighteen years west, east, south, as well as in foreign parts. Was with Howes & Castello in 1856, through Georgia, also with Mr. Rentz at Paris, through the Exposition. Will leave New York May 15th. Address P. O. Box 1,131, Des Moines, Iowa.
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DURLEY HALL, GEO. S. SMITH.....Manager
BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Dec. 17th, 1872.
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Manager of J. E. Owens' Combination.
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OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.
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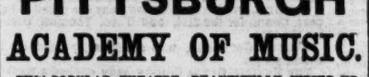

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